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with the faithful and affec-
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Col. William McKee,
Rockbridge County, Virginia.

THE McKEES

OF

VIRGINIA AND KENTUCKY.

BY

GEORGE WILSON McKEE,

MAJOR OF ORDNANCE,

U. S. Army.

A people which takes no pride in the noble achievements of remote ancestors will never achieve anything worthy to be remembered with pride by remote descendants.—LORD MACAULAY.

153148A

Preface.

In the preparation of this sketch I have received great assistance from Mr. J. A. R. Varner, Judge Wm. McLaughlin, Mr. Joseph A. Waddell, Mr. D. F. Laird, and Captain John Preston Moore, of Virginia; Dr. John Lapsley McKee, Miss Jeanie D. McKee, Major Lewis W. McKee, Mr. H. Clay McKee, and Messrs. John and William McKee Duncan, of Kentucky; Mrs. Elizabeth Lanier Dunn, Mr. David R. McKee, and Mr. Geo. W. McKee, of Washington, D. C.; and Mr. John Mackay, of New York City. I tender to each and all of them my grateful thanks for their kindness.

As I have collected data from many sources, repetitions will be frequently noted. This was unavoidable, under the circumstances, and it was believed that it would tend to the ultimate correction of dates and incidents.

The tiger, stamped on the cover, is a facsimile of an emblem painted on a Corean battle-flag, which was sent to my mother by

the late Admiral John Rodgers, U. S. Navy. As this was won by the blood of a McKee in battle, I thought it a fitting device to establish relationship and keep the survivors of the family together.

It seems a strange coincidence that he should have met his death "at the gates of day," in a battle with men bearing upon their banner an emblem similar to that of the Macintoshes, the hereditary enemies of the McKees, who had for their emblem "the wild-cat of the forest." G. W. M.

Allegheny Arsenal,
Pittsburgh, Pa., Aug. 19, 1890.

Introductory.

I HAVE, for several years, been engaged in an effort to trace out the origin and history of my own immediate branch of the McKee Family in Ireland, Scotland and America. The name is quite a common one as it is derived from that of a Clan, and it is not to be wondered at that the descendants from such a sturdy stock of men should be numerous. Coming to a new country, possessing vast possibilities for enterprising, brave and self-reliant people, it can be readily seen how the original pioneers of the family soon became separated, and how, in the course of two or three generations, their descendants were strangers to each other. Their battles and trials in Ireland and Scotland had, from immemorial time, proclaimed them men, who, regarding life and material surroundings as mere circumstances, would unhesitatingly peril all in a cause they thought to be just, and would brook no infringement of their rights from any source

whatever. Noted ever for their fidelity and courage as border-raiders, clansmen, or soldiers in the old country, the official records of the United States will bear testimony, from many sources, to the uniform gallantry of these people everywhere upon the battle-field, and to their integrity and ability in the performance of duty in the offices entrusted to them by their fellow citizens. In a study, or examination, of the published official "Records of the War of the Rebellion, Union and Confederate Armies," it is noted that this name, wherever it is cited, by either side, receives an honorable mention for gallantry on the field of battle, or for steadfast devotion to principle that was deemed right from the respective points in view.

This paper is written simply to give a brief outline, or sketch, of the history of these people, so far as I have been able to learn it from a patient study and investigation, and for the purpose of enabling others, who may take an interest in the matter, to correct the data I have collected, or add thereto important information that has escaped my notice. All those, who do take such an interest, are kindly requested to send me such corrections or addenda, in order that I may incorporate them in another sketch at some future time.

In addition to a sincere attachment, or perhaps instinctive clannish feeling, which I have always had for my own people, I have ever felt it to be the patriotic duty of American citizens to encourage a spirit of family pride. The Family is the Unit of Government and, to state this matter in a paradoxical way, or in a manner to which I have a perfect right from my Irish heredity, I will say that, in my opinion, a man, who has no pride or interest in his family, is no man at all. Being intensely American and democratic in my views, I know that I will be understood by all men of sense, and acquitted of any intimation of a desire to encourage anything like an Aristocracy or Oligarchy in this country. On the contrary, I wish to encourage the true Aristocracy of Virtue—of Respectability—of Intellect—of Patient Toil. Thus, in our great American Democracy, each man will, and ought to, stand before his fellow citizens for judgment, not on account of the deeds of his ancestors, but on account of what *he* has done, or is doing, for the welfare of the Commonwealth.

Let every man, no matter how humble his descent may be apparently,—for, if the truth were known, he may have some of the best blood in the world in his veins—gather about him the most deserving of his relatives, and

do all that he can to elevate and refine them. What I mean is that he may be so situated that he can only assist a few, and therefore he will act wisely in aiding those who seem to be best fitted, morally and intellectually, to appreciate, and profit by, the benefit. Let every good man in this country encourage and inculcate a strong family feeling and, in so doing, he will not only aid in the preservation of our institutions, but he will exert a potent influence in the elevation and refinement of the people generally.

The family influence, or pride, separated as it must be in this vast country into many distinct organizations, will serve to engender generous emulations, not only among the families, but between the individual members of the same. And it can be readily seen how, in a multitudinous democratic court, or congress of families, as indicated by the ballot, each jealous of its own rights and interests, the country would be safe from plutocracy on the one hand and anarchy on the other. The inevitable increase of education, refinement and emulation, resulting from a general interest in this matter, could not fail to elevate the entire people of the country and, in so doing, perpetuate our democratic institutions.

Origin of the McKees.

From my investigations of ancient records, and study of the histories of England, Ireland and Scotland, I have no doubt whatever that the McKees originated in Ireland, and that quite a company of them, as adventurers, came over to Scotland in the 12th century, during the reign of King William, the Lion, to assist in driving the Danes from the North. It is surmised, of course, that they were attracted there by promises of land, or booty, as men did not in those days, any more than at present, go about assisting strangers in fighting their battles without the hope of substantial reward. It is nonsense to suppose that these people and others, in their semi-savage condition, went to Scotland imbued with any Quixotic notions whatever. They went there to better their state, and to obtain "all that was in sight," to use a slang expression of the present day. They went there to stay, also, and, having done well,

these clansmen were rewarded for their services and, to this day, they and their descendants have held their own against all comers in their possessions.

Having established themselves in the new country, the clan multiplied greatly, and was no doubt added to by accessions from their relatives in Ireland. There were many men about this time, and shortly antecedent to it, attracted to the standards of different leaders through the hope of reward. In this way William of Normandy recruited his army of professionals from all parts of Europe before he landed on the Sussex coast of England, and fought the battle of Hastings. It is said there were several "companies" of Irishmen at Hastings with William, but what the numbers and names were I am not aware. At any rate, adventurers from Ireland appear to have figured considerably in all the troubles, in Scotland specially, from the 11th to the 17th centuries. As before stated, I believe the McKees came into Scotland from Ireland in the 12th century.

In the misty past where only an account of great events was kept, and handed down through the state papers connected with the resulting changes in Government, and where many clan troubles and incidents are mere

matters of tradition, we can only hope to trace out the history of a certain people from the clan name which would inevitably attach to them. The orthography of the name would be modified by circumstances of locality and pronunciation. Hence the *idem sonans* is the true key to the origin of a name or title, and when, as in old times, such a name was borne by large numbers of men assembled together in a clan, a strong clue is given to their subsequent movements and history. By placing together and comparing the well authenticated facts of history with such family legends and traditions as have been handed down from generation to generation, it can be readily shown from what particular stock, or clan, each family originated, although the direct genealogy of that family may have been kept for only a few centuries.

I have no desire whatever to connect my people with any clan that ever existed. In so far as I know they have been good, honorable, brave and, in some instances, exceptionally distinguished men. Some of the young men seemed to be naturally inclined to wildness and dissipation, but this inclination passed away when they came to years of discretion. And, finally, whatever may have been their origin in the dim past, I am proud to say that

no clan in the old country could have any other than a feeling of pride in its descendants of this name, in Virginia and Kentucky. They have, like other men, had their full share of human weaknesses, but they have been good citizens as the records of the Commonwealths will abundantly testify.

Of Irish extraction, as before stated, they remained in Scotland until the religious troubles arose between the Protestants and Papists from the time of Henry VIII., to the time of William III. Some of them still continued in Scotland after these bloody troubles, in which they had all taken a part, were decided, while others emigrated to the North of Ireland, at the time the province of Ulster was forfeited to the British Crown from the date of the unsuccessful rebellion of the Earls of Tyrconnel and Tyrone.

"At different periods subsequent to the Reformation, many lowland Scotch people emigrated to the province of Ulster, north Ireland. There they prospered greatly, and maintained unimpared the manners and customs and the religious faith of the country from which they came. They and their posterity regarded themselves—and were regarded by the Irish of Celtic blood—as Scotch in all essential particulars. Some of these settlers, before leaving

their native land, goaded by persecution under the Stuart kings, had borne arms against the British government, and were among the prisoners captured at Bothwell Bridge in 1679. When the Revolution of 1688 occurred, the Scotch-Irish sided with William of Orange. The siege of Londonderry, in 1689, is one of the most remarkable events in history. Upon the march northward of the army of James 2d, says Macaulay, "All Lisburn fled to Antrim, and, as the foes drew nearer, all Lisburn and Antrim together came pouring into Londonderry. Thirty thousand Protestants, of both sexes and of every age, were crowded behind the bulwarks of the City of Refuge. The ordinary population of the town and suburbs furnished only about six hundred fighting men; but when the siege began there were 7300 men armed for defence." *

"Yet notwithstanding their loyalty to the Crown, as settled by the Revolution, and their heroic services, the Scotch-Irish received no favors from the British Government, except a miserable pittance doled out to their clergy after a time." * * * * *

"Every effort of enlightened statesmen to obtain a relaxation of the stringent laws against Dissenters failed, and in 1719 the Protestant

* Annals of Augusta County, Va., by Jos. A. Waddell.

emigration to America commenced. In addition to the restrictions on religion, Irish industry and commerce had been systematically repressed. Twenty thousand people left Ulster on the destruction of the woollen trade in 1698. Many more were driven away by the first passage of the Test Act. The stream had slackened in the hope of some relief. When this hope expired, men of spirit and energy refused to remain in the country. Thence forward, for more than fifty years, annual shiploads of families poured themselves out from Belfast and Londonderry. England paid dearly for her Irish policy. The fiercest enemies she had, in 1776, were the descendants of the Scotch-Irish who had held Ulster against James 2d." *

In 1689 when the Irish Parliament, under James 2d, assembled in the King's Inns, Dublin, it is well known that many outrageous and oppressive Acts were passed by these vindictive bigots against the Saxons and Protestants generally. It was but natural, as they had been previously oppressed, and were simply trying to get even with their oppressors. "A bill repealing the Act of Settlement and transferring many thousands of square

* Annals of Augusta County, Va., by Jos. A. Waddell.

miles from Saxon to Celtic landlords was brought in and carried by acclamation." *

Some of the Irish and British nobles, both Protestant and Roman Catholic, who had followed the fortunes of this weak man, implored him to restrain the violence of the rapacious and vindictive Senate which he had convoked. The great Act of Attainder, than which nothing more infamous or tyrannical was ever known in the history of legislation, was passed by these infuriated men in their eagerness to regain their rights. There was much excuse for them if we go back and investigate history, but their action entailed great suffering upon innocent people who had come into property through due process of law. This caused a great exodus of Protestants from Ireland, and was the occasion of much cruelty, bloodshed and oppression.

At the same time in Scotland the violence among all parties, accompanying the Revolution and the accession of William and Mary, exceeded that of England. The state of affairs in Ireland is well known, and almost beggars description. In Scotland the McKees, being Presbyterians, or Covenanters, were engaged not only in defending themselves against

* Macaulay's History of England, Chap. 12.

Dundee, * but against their hereditary enemies, the Mackintoshes. This feud with the Mackintoshes had been going on from the 13th Century. † The remnant of the clan, after a great fight with the Mackintoshes, in which they were nearly exterminated, partly sought refuge in France "where they intermarried with the Huguenots," and it is said that, "after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, they were nearly all murdered by the Catholics." Whether this is true, or not, it is certain that the survivors fled into Holland and there joined the army of William, Prince of Orange. They went to Ireland with some of his forces, or adherents, and were engaged in the siege of Londonderry, where they "acquitted themselves with great gallantry and suffered patiently the privations of that awful siege." ‡

It is of course a mere matter of surmise, but from the traditions of the family and historic circumstances, I have never had the slightest

* One of my best boyhood friends at West Point, whom I loved as a brother, was James Duncan Graham, a relative of John Graham, of Claverhouse. He was one of the noblest specimens of manhood I have ever known. He was a Lieutenant of the 2d United States Cavalry and died June 18, 1868. His father, the distinguished soldier, Gen'l. Lawrence Pike Graham, U. S. Army, is living at this writing.

† See, later on, an account of a fight between the Kay Clan and the Clan Chattan.

‡ Account of Dr. John L. McKee.

doubt that our McKees were connected by ties of blood or interest with Colin Macdonald of Keppoch. The names are identical, for Macdonald is the same as MacHugh or MacIye. They all belonged to the same region of country and for centuries had kept up a bitter feud with the Mackintoshes. This circumstance points to the conclusion that they were either kinsmen, or had some common cause of grievance, which united them against the Mackintoshes. In the nature of a *lucus a non lucendo* there will be given later an extract from the *House and Clan of Mackay*, concerning a battle between the Clan Kay and the Clan Chattan in the 13th century. There it is stated that it did not appear there was ever any feud between the Mackays and the Mackintoshes. It is even asserted that the Clan Kay there engaged were the Camerons. Why this far-fetched, but undoubtedly honest surmise, should have been made, it is difficult to conceive. It is much more probable that they were Donalds, or Macdonalds, for the same chronicler, * quoting Sir Robert Gordon, questions the latter's statement only as to priority —viz:—What Donald, son of Iye, "was the first who went under the name Mackay?"

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* House and Clan of Mackay, pp. 44, 45, 46.

"The clan of Mackintosh, a branch of an ancient and renowned tribe, which took its name and badge from the wild cat of the forests, had a dispute with the Macdonalds, which originated, if tradition may be believed, in those dark times, when the Danish pirates wasted the coasts of Scotland." *

The Macdonalds were, as Macaulay says, "haughty and warlike." They were no doubt very insulting to the people of Inverness and attempted to rule the surrounding country with a high hand. The people of the town appear to have been on good terms with the Mackintoshes. "The foe most hated and dreaded by both was Colin Macdonald, of Keppoch, an excellent specimen of the genuine Highland Jacobite." † A Jacobite in the sense of one who defied all law and authority, for he was no true follower of James. On the contrary, his whole life had been passed in insulting and resisting the authority of the crown. The government appears to have been chary of bringing on a contest with this man but, at last, his violations of all law compelled the Privy Council to take decided steps. "He was proclaimed a rebel; letters of fire and sword were issued against him under

* Macaulay's History of England, Chap. XIII.

† Idem.

the seal of James; and, a few weeks before the Revolution, a body of royal troops, supported by the whole strength of the Mackintoshes, marched into Keppoch's territories. He gave battle to the invaders and was victorious. The King's forces were put to flight; the King's captain was slain; and this by a hero whose loyalty to the King many writers have very complacently contrasted with the factious turbulence of the Whigs."*

During the general anarchy which followed the Revolution, Keppoch wasted the lands of the Mackintoshes, advanced to Inverness and threatened the town with destruction. At this time an unexpected mediator, Dundee, made his appearance. On the morning of the first of May he arrived with a small band of horsemen at the camp of Keppoch before Inverness. Dundee at this time, to attain his own ends, simply desired to coalesce all the clans possible under one banner, and he wisely endeavored to act as mediator in settling their clanish feuds, no matter what may have been their religion, or politics. It is doubtful whether Colin Macdonald, of Keppoch, had any religion, or politics, other than a bitter hatred of the Campbells and Mackin-

* Macaulay's History of England, Chap. XIII.

toshes, and a determined purpose to rule his own land absolutely in accordance with his own views. "A commission from King James, even when King James was securely seated on the throne had never been regarded with much respect by Coll of the Cows. That Chief, however, hated the Campbells with all the hatred of a Macdonald, and promptly gave in his adhesion to the cause of the House of Stuart. Dundee undertook to settle the dispute between Keppoch and Inverness. * * * He next tried to reconcile the Macdonalds with the Mackintoshes, and flattered himself that the two warlike tribes, lately arrayed against each other, might be willing to fight side by side under his command. But he soon found that it was no light matter to take up a Highland feud. About the rights of the contending Kings neither clan knew any thing or cared any thing. The conduct of both is to be ascribed to local passions and interests." *

The McKees, as aforesaid, who were either the relatives, or the allies, of the Macdonalds united against the Mackintoshes, had their last bloody affray with the latter anterior to Keppoch's fight with the troops of James and the Mackintoshes. No doubt the slaughter of

* Macaulay's History of England, Chap. XIII.

that devoted band, as it was of comparatively recent occurrence, had much to do with intensifying the hatred between the clans and keeping alive the fires of the old feud. Hence, this united with other memories, the failure of Dundee to reconcile and coalesce those inveterate and hereditary enemies. And, at the very time he was making that attempt, the remnant of the McKees, who had escaped the Mackintoshes slaughter, had gone from France and Holland to Ireland where, at Londonderry and elsewhere, they espoused the cause of William, Prince of Orange.

I will here give some extracts from an old book which are of interest to any student, whatever they may serve to show as to the identity of clans. The Christian names given have been borne by the McKees for centuries.

For a number of years I have had the honor of numbering among my friends, Mr. John Mackay, of Mackay & Son, brokers, 42 Exchange Place, New York City. Mr. Mackay told me, when we first met, that he had no doubt we originated from the same clan, and that he would lend me a book which I might find useful and interesting in comparing with the traditions I already possessed of my own immediate people. This book, "The House and Clan of Mackay," by Robert Mackay, writer,

Thurso, was printed in Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1829. It is a large work of nearly 600 pages, with copious foot notes, and is full of interest for the general student even though he felt none in the particular people described and treated of. It contains detailed and graphic descriptions of many forays made upon each other—many distinguished deeds in the Government service and many bloody fights between the clans in their interminable feuds. It reminded me, as I read, of some of the family fights that occur to this day in the mountains of my own beloved Kentucky, and of a great feud that I well remember, as a boy, to have taken place between two families in Garrard County.

EXTRACTS FROM "HOUSE AND CLAN OF MACKAY."

"An ancient manuscript was within these few years discovered in the Advocates' Library, written by Andrew Symson, which has been published, edited by Thomas Maitland, younger, of Dundrunnan, advocate, and mentions the family of Mackie, or McKie, in Galloway, as far back as King Robert Bruce." —(*House and Clan of Mackay, pp. 35, 36.*)

The account gives a description of a feat of archery performed by young McKie in the

presence of the King, viz.: shooting an arrow through the heads of two ravens perching upon a rocky pinnacle. And, in this connection, it is further stated: "The family of McGhie of Balmaghie are thought to be of Irish descent: and this opinion seems in some measures confirmed by that family using the arms of Mackay, Lord Reay; whereas the Mackies before mentioned have, since the days of Bruce, for their arms two ravens proper upon a chief-argent, with an arrow through both their heads—*Gules, the field Gules.* These Mackays must have been for many centuries planted in Galloway, from the circumstance that a parish there is called Balmaghie, i. e. *Mackay-town.*" —(*House and Clan of Mackay, p. 37.*)

THE COUNTRY WHICH THEY OCCUPIED.

"That district in the northwest extremity of Scotland known by the name of Lord Reay's, or Mackay's, country from Drimholisten, which divides it from Caithness on the northeast, to Kylescow, an arm of the sea dividing it from Assint on the southwest, is about eighty miles in length; and, at an average, about eighteen miles in breadth. It stands separated from Sutherland by the high mount-

ains Bengrime, Ben-Clibrig, Benhie and the forest from thence to Benloid in Assint. Mackay's country, previous to and for some time after the reformation from popery, contained only two parishes, Durness and Farr: but it has since been divided into four, viz.: Farr, Tongue, Durness and Edderachillis." (House and Clan of Mackay, p. 1.) "There have been various conjectures regarding the origin of the name Mackay. Some have alleged that the name Iye is from the Gaelic word Oidh, which has very nearly the same sound with Iye, in that language, and signifies a stranger or guest; and Mack-Iye is the *Son of the Stranger*: but the most probable supposition is that it is an Irish name, derived from O'Donnel, which seems to be a name compounded of Odo and Niel, i. e., Odo-Niel. There are several charters and other writs extant, in which Iye Mackay is called Odo Mackay, as will afterwards appear. Sir Robert (Gordon) as before mentioned, says that Donald, the son of this Iye, was the first who went under the name Mackay: but this seems a mistake, from the charters granted to Mackays several ages before. It has also been said, and not without some degree of evidence, that the names Iye and Hugh are the same. Hugh, as pronounced in English, and Iye in Gaelic,

have nearly the same sound, and it will afterwards be seen that the same chief of the Mackays was sometimes called Hugh, and at other times Iye. It frequently takes place that the same name is pronounced differently in different places, arising from the idioms of speech, such as: what is sounded *Mackay* in the north of Scotland is *Mackie* in England, and in the more southern parts of Scotland in many instances; and in Ireland the name Mackghie. Upon the whole, it seems most probable that the name originated from Ireland but at what period it is uncertain."—(*House and Clan of Mackay, pp. 44, 45, 46.*)

It is stated in the "House and Clan of Mackay," p. 31, that "Alexander came with two of his brethren out of Ireland to Caithness in Scotland in the reign of William, the Lion."

Again (House and Clan of Mackay, p. 28): "Lord Reay's family derived their original from Ireland in the 12th century when King William, the Lion, reigned. The occasion of their settling in the north is mentioned by Torfoeus, as captains of a number of warriors, to drive the Norwegians out of Caithness."

"There is no account of the ancestors of any family in these northern parts, excepting those of the Mackays, having been engaged in ex-

pelling the Danes from Caithness; from which it may be supposed, not only that Alexander, as already mentioned; but also his son, Martin, and their descendants had lands there, and this seems to be countenanced by the opinion that these descendants, of very ancient dates, multiplied in Caithness under the names, not only Mackay, but of Farquar, Morgan, Bain or Bayne, Mackomas, Shil-Thomas and others. And no other family have maintained their ground, or spread in these northern countries as the Mackays have done."—(*House and Clan of Mackay, pp. 32 and 33.*)

"Strathnaver, there is reason to think, had its name from the clan Abrach, descendants of John Abrach Mackay, who possessed it from near the beginning of the 15th century * * by the roll annexed to the Scots Act of Parliament, 1587, cap 94, in which that clan are termed Clan Mackeane Awright—and by other documents. In the Gaelic this tribe of Strathnaver is called Aberich—hence Awright as above."—(*House and Clan of Mackay, p. 5.*)

Douglas relates as follows: "About 1333 the feuds between the Clan Chattan and the Camerons began, which continued very long to the great loss and detriment of both families (Baronage, p. 328.) * * * A bloody battle had happened between the Clan Came-

ron and Clan Chattan at Invernatown, in 1370 (Baronage.) The famous conflict was fought on the north Inch of Perth, between 30 of the Clan Chattan and 30 of the Clan Kay, in the year 1396. This family, say the antagonists of the Clan Chattan, where Camerons (Baronage, p. 329.) There is no question that the Clan Chattan were the Mackintoshes. It does not appear that any feud ever subsisted between the Mackays and Mackintoshes. There is, in fine, the most cogent reasons to think that the opponents of the Mackintoshes were the Clan Cameron."*—(*House and Clan of Mackay.*)

"In the year 1642, 10,000 men went from Scotland to assist in quelling the rebellion and butchery in Ireland. They were commanded by General Leslie and Robert Munro, who was now advanced to the grade of Major General. George Gordon, Southerland's brother, accompanied General Munro with about 160 choice men of Sutherland and the Mackays.—(*House and Clan of Mackay, p. 293.*)

"In 1644 Gen. Munro, at the head of 14,000 of the Scotch and English Protestants, defeated 22,000 of the Irish in Ulster, killed and took many thousands of them, and seized on a great quantity of cattle and other provisions of

* See page 17.

which the Protestants were then in great want."—(*House and Clan of Mackay, p. 296.*)

"On the 4th day of January, 1689, in the first year of the reign of William and Mary, Gen. Hugh Mackay was appointed Major General over 'all and singular our forces, horse, foot, and dragoons, already raised, or hereafter to be raised, whether standing forces or militia, or other forces whatsoever, within our ancient Kingdom of Scotland.'" etc. (House and Clan of Mackay, p. 394.) He landed at Leith, in Scotland, on the 25th of March, 1689. Scotland had not, in any of her history, been in a more critical situation than now. Some of the landholders were in favor of King James and these rallied under the standard of John Graham of Claverhouse (Dundee), a soldier, who was led by his religious zeal and loyalty to King James, to commit many cruelties upon the Covenanters.

Gen. Hugh Mackay, who, under William of Orange, was killed in the battle of Steenkirk, fought against the French, July 24th, 1692, was much such a man as General (Stonewall) Thomas J. Jackson of the Confederate army, who was killed at Chancellorsville, May 10, 1863. See account of General Mackay's life, House and Clan of Mackay, pp. 463-4.

As previously stated, I have attempted to give here a brief sketch of the origin and history of the McKees of Virginia and Kentucky. I have stated only facts, so far as I could ascertain them, with the hope that those interested might point out the errors I have made, and enable me to correct them at some future time. In this way, by comparing evidence, all the minor details may be made perfect. The main facts given here are absolutely correct, but they may be added to, or modified, and, if any information there anent is sent me, I will be highly gratified.

Following this general, or opening statement, I have appended detailed accounts of the McKees from various sources, and it will be seen how in all points of major fact, or identity, they agree. In the minor details much may have been left out, or may have been forgotten, and there is where I would like to have information.

These accounts will complete the sketch, and I will append to them only a few memories of a faithful people who had been with us for over a century, and for whom I ever cherished a most devoted attachment. I refer to the Africans who, from the time they had left the slave-ship that brought them to our country, served with our family as their absolute de-

pendents. They were in the power of kindly and well-to-do gentlemen who would allow no infringements of their rights, and who looked upon them as hereditary dependents upon the family.

I sum up, generally, the Origin and History of the McKees, as follows :

1st. They were of Irish, or Celtic, origin and the main body of them went into Scotland in the 12th century to assist William the Lion in driving the Danish pirates* from Caithness, and the the north generally.

2d. A few of them probably joined William of Normandy in the 11th century when the latter, preparatory to his descent upon the Sussex coast of England, invited to his standard professional soldiers, free-lances, adventurers and cut-throats from all parts of Europe.

3d. Tradition says of them that, from the earliest dawn of the Reformation, they have been Protestants. Early in the 16th century,

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* Many a wassail bout
Wore the long winter out.
Often our midnight shout
Set the cocks crowing ;
As we the Bersirk's tale
Measured with cups of ale,
Drained from the oaken pail
Filled to o'erflowing.

—[*The Skeleton in Armor.*

owing to the civil feuds of Scotland, their native land for centuries, they emigrated back to Ireland--thence, after a brief sojourn, to France. There they remained until the massacre of the Huguenots, on St. Bartholomew's day, August 24th, 1572. Being firm adherents of the Protestant faith, they experienced the utmost fury of the enemies of their religion on that day. But few were left to tell the tale of horror. These few fled to the north of Ireland, and there again, in 1641, under the reign of Charles 1st, the most infamous of the Stuarts, and, in 1688, under James 2d, the most pusillanimous, they again experienced the fury of persecution on account of their Religion.

It is said that some of those, who escaped the massacre on St. Bartholomew's day, fled into Holland and marched into Ireland, later, with the forces of William, Prince of Orange.

In about 1738, ten or eleven brothers McKee emigrated to America.

4th. In 1738 when a large migration of Scotch-Irish Presbyterians to Pennsylvania and the valley of Virginia took place, some brothers McKee, variously estimated from five to ten or eleven sons of one who had borne a part in the defence of Derry, arrived in America and first settled near Lancaster, Pa. There they separated—some settling

near Wheeling, W. Va., and Pittsburgh, Pa., and some going to the far West. Two of the brothers, John and Robert, went almost directly to Virginia, (about 1757) and settled on a portion of Borden's grant, on Kerr's Creek, in what is now Rockbridge county, about eight miles north-west of Lexington. In 1760, William, another of the brothers, also removed to Augusta county, Va.

An account of the descendants of these pioneers, Robert, John and William, may be found in the statements from several sources which follow.

Robert, the Pioneer.

All the traditions of the family refer to Robert as a perfect type of the sturdy old Scotch-Irishman. He was a strict Presbyterian, but by no means an overbearing or aggressive Calvinist. On the contrary, he was a mild-mannered man, and attended strictly to his own business in both religious and secular matters, a trait, by the way, which I am glad to say, I have observed in all the McKees I have met.

He was a man of the greatest integrity—respected by all who knew him—of sound sense and judgment—and, generally, what is called a good citizen. I have never heard that he was a man of any particular brilliancy, but his gentle nature and his bucolic tastes would naturally have made him averse to taking any prominent part in public affairs,

even if he had had any natural aptitude for them. He died in Rockbridge county, Va., June 11, 1774. Gray's stanza well applies to him, as to many other good men in this life:

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
Their sober wishes never learned to stray,
Along the cool, sequestered vale of life,
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

John, the Pioneer.

I have always heard John spoken of with the greatest respect and admiration by the Kentucky McKees, but he had not, from all accounts, the mild manner that characterized Robert. Without being exactly turbulent, he was most positive in his language and actions, and in this way, made his full share of enemies. His will, which is quoted further on, is a living testimony to the stern sense of justice which characterized the man. After devising his estate, he leaves no room for any judicial doubt as to what his wishes are concerning his widow. He does not leave her dependent upon *anybody*, but insists that she shall, until her death, be provided with the comforts of life to which she had been accustomed. And he goes into great detail to explain what must absolutely and positively be provided her, as her right, independent of

all considerations of affectionate care which he well knew would be accorded her. He intended that the proud and sensitive woman should always feel that she was dependent on no one. She was Rosannah Cunningham, his second wife.

His first wife was Jane Logan, who was killed by the Shawnee Indians on Kerr's Creek, Rockbridge county, Va., July 17, 1763. The various accounts of this massacre are, of course, mere matters of tradition, as the people, at that time, were abundantly occupied in struggling with Nature and defending themselves against the savages; leaving little opportunity for any cotemporary written records to be kept. The date of the tragedy is even variously stated, some chroniclers asserting that it occurred in 1764. I will give here all the information concerning it that I have been able to collect.

Mr. Waddell, in his "Annals of Augusta County, Va.," quotes the Rev. Samuel Brown, of Bath county. Says Mr. Waddell: "Withers makes no mention of either of the massacres of Kerr's Creek. Stuart merely alludes to the first, in 1763, writing the name, however, "Carr's" instead of "Kerr's." For the only detailed account of these tragedies we are indebted to the Rev. Samuel

Brown, of Bath county, who collected the incidents from descendants of the sufferers many years ago.

"The settlement on Kerr's Creek," says Mr. Brown, "was made by white people soon after the grant of land to Borden in 1736. The families located there, consisting of Cunninghams, McKees, Hamiltons, Gilmores, Logans, Irvins, and others, thought themselves safe from the dangers of more exposed parts of the country. * * * * * "Leaving the site of old Millborough, the savages passed over Mill Mountain at a low place still called the 'Indian Trail.' Coming on the waters of Brat, ton's Run, they crossed the North Mountain-where it is now crossed by the road leading from Lexington to the Rockbridge Alum Springs, and where there is a large heap of stones, supposed to have been piled up by Indians. From this point they had a full view of the peaceful valley of Kerr's Creek. Hastening down the mountain, they began the work of indiscriminate slaughter. Coming first to the house of Charles Dougherty, he and his whole family were murdered. They next came to the house of Jacob Cunningham, who was from home, but his wife was killed, and his daughter, about ten years of age, scalped and left for dead. She revived,

was carried off as a prisoner in the second invasion, was redeemed, and lived for forty years afterwards, but finally died from the effects of the scalping. The Indians then proceeded to the house of Thomas Gilmore, and he and his wife were killed, the other members of the family escaping at that time. The house of Robert Hamilton came next. This family consisted of ten persons, and one half of them were slain. By this time the alarm had spread through the neighborhood, and the inhabitants were flying in every direction. For some reason the main body of the Indians went no further. Perhaps they were sated with blood and plunder; most probably they feared to remain longer with so small a band. A single Indian pursued John McKee and his wife as they were flying from their house. By the entreaty of his wife, McKee did not wait for her, and she was overtaken and killed. He escaped. His six children had been sent to the house of a friend on Timber Ridge, on account of some uneasiness, caused probably by the report about the Naked Man."

Through the courtesy of Judge William McLaughlin, of Lexington, and Mr. J. A. Waddell, of Staunton, Va., I was furnished with an extract from Mr. Brown's article in which the above allegations were made. Very

soon afterwards, Mr. J. A. R. Varner, of Lexington, kindly loaned me Mr. Brown's original manuscript, which I read with the greatest attention before returning it to Mr. Varner. Mr. Brown, who, as Judge McLaughlin informed me, died on the 3d of May, 1889, was a man admired and respected by all who knew him, and who would do no intentional wrong to anyone, living or dead. It will therefore be scarcely necessary for me to remark that I acquit that good man of any intention of doing a wilful wrong to the memory of the sturdy and brave pioneer, John McKee. He was simply, to the best of his knowledge, and with the best intentions, collating the traditions of an event, which were related to him when over a century had elapsed since its occurrence. He says: "I am able to fix the precise date of the first invasion from an entry in the old Family Bible of J. T. McKee's grandfather, as follows: 'His first wife, Jennie, died July the 17th, 1763; she was killed in the first invasion.'"

The rest of the narrative is simply a tradition which has been handed down, or related, to Mr. Brown, for, as he modestly remarks in his manuscript, his information was derived from descendants of the survivors of the massacre. Mr. Brown very kindly endeavors

to extenuate this alleged conduct of John McKee, by stating: "She besought her husband to leave her to her fate, and make his own escape, if possible. This he refused to do; when she appealed to him for the sake of their children to leave her. If he staid, being unarmed, they would both be killed; but, if he escaped, their young children would still have a protector. Can we conceive a more trying condition for a husband?" If he had left his wife, under the circumstances as narrated, there would have been no extenuation of his conduct in the mind of any man, named McKee, not even if the Devil, himself, had appeared there to fight him.

The Indian, according to this narrative related to Mr. Brown, struck Jane Logan McKee in the head with his tomahawk and, thinking he had killed her, continued on for the purpose of capturing John McKee. The latter had, however, reached a dense copse, or brush, where no Indian, of those days, could possibly find him. The Indian, having given up the search, returned to the spot where he expected to find the dead body of Jane Logan McKee, whom, he thought, he had murdered; but the poor woman, although mortally wounded, had crawled a few yards away into a sink-hole, or densely-copsed depression in the

ground. Says Mr. Brown: "She had crept down into a sink in the ground, had taken a handkerchief from her neck, and bound up the wound on the head, and was cold in death. * * * She was not scalped, the Indian not having found her on his return."

The Indians of those days were evidently very inferior to their descendants of the present era in the art of trailing. The poor woman, stricken with a death wound, had, according to this account, crept a short distance away and endeavored to staunch the flow of blood from her head with her handkerchief; and yet the wily denizen of the forest was unable to find her on his return. It may be said that the Indian was in a hurry, which is very probably a fact, and his departure from that scene, or from the terrestial scene, would have been accelerated had John McKee been in the vicinity when his wife was massacred. The Indian, or Indians, who murdered Jane Logan McKee, did not return to look for the corpse, *for they had already scalped her and left her for dead at the spot where they surprised her.*

The memory of John McKee, having ever been held in reverence by his descendants in Kentucky, it may readily be conceived that I was inexpressibly shocked when I read this

account of the Kerr's Creek massacre. His alleged conduct there was so unlike everything I had ever heard of the man, and it seemed so strange that none of our people had ever received the slightest hint of such an occurrence, that I determined to investigate the matter to its uttermost possible clew. I was not willing that he should be condemned without a hearing, on any ex-parte traditionary statement which might originally have been instigated by his enemies. I wished while I was living and responsible for my utterances, that the blood of my ancestor should not cry out in vain from the ground for justice against his calumniators.

I at once wrote to Judge Wm. McLaughlin, of Lexington, Va., and asked if he would put me in communication with the Rev. Mr. Brown, in order that I might correspond with that gentleman, and find out exactly from what sources his legendary account was derived. Judge McLaughlin, to whom I am indebted for many courtesies, informed me in a letter from Staunton, Va., May 11th, 1889, that "Mr. Brown died on the 3d instant at an advanced age. Mr. Brown at the time he wrote the article on the 'Kerr's Creek Massacre,' was the pastor of the Presbyterian Church near the scene of the occurrence, and

many of the descendants of the participants were members of his church. Mr. Waddell, to whom I showed your letter, has kindly furnished me with an extract from Mr. Brown's article which I enclose." The portion of the extract relating to the massacre of Jane Logan McKee, as condensed by Mr. Waddell in his "Annals of Augusta County, Va.," has been quoted here; as also Mr. Brown's remarks in extenuation of the alleged conduct of John McKee.

I sent the extract, enclosed by Judge McLaughlin, to the Rev. Dr. John Lapsley McKee, of Centre College, Danville, Ky., and asked him to send me any information he had on the subject. Dr. McKee has always taken the greatest interest in the family, and probably is better informed than any man living about its history and traditions. He replied to me under date of June 21st, 1889, stating: "Your letter was the first information I have ever had about the alleged ignoble conduct of our ancestor in deserting his wife. The picture has haunted me ever since I read the story."

It is no wonder he was shocked, as I was, at reading such an allegation against a man he had always been taught to respect and admire for his courage and unusually determined,

manly character. It would seem strange that an erudite man, like Dr. McKee, who from his youth had taken the keenest interest in the history and traditions of his family, had never heard the slightest hint of this story about John McKee, but on the contrary had always been taught to reverence his memory. Dr. McKee is the oldest living representative of John McKee's descendants in Kentucky.

I wrote to several others of the Kentucky McKees, saying nothing whatever about Mr. Brown's narrative, but simply asking: "Can you give me any account of the Kerr's Creek massacre and the circumstances attending the death of Jane Logan McKee?"

Major Logan McKee, of Danville, Ky., had, for some time, himself been engaged in writing a sketch of the McKees, as he took a great pride in his ancestry. He certainly had never heard of this account, or he would have mentioned it to me, as we were in constant correspondence. Moreover, he and Dr. McKee saw each other almost daily, and the doctor's statement has already been given. Major McKee was on his death-bed, at the time I wrote him, and utterly incapable of writing or attending to any business whatever. I do not think any attempt was made to communicate the contents of my letter to him.

Major Lewis W. McKee, Attorney-at-Law, writes from Lawrenceburg, Ky., September 3d, 1889:

"Suddenly, one morning in 1763, a hostile band of Indians attacked the settlement on Carr's Creek, killing about twenty-three persons, among them Jane Logan McKee. Jane Logan McKee was milking cows some little distance from the house and, when she discovered the Indians, gave the alarm in time to have her house closed, then fled in an opposite direction and jumped into a sink-hole. The Indians, who were in pursuit, overtook and tomahawked her and scalped her. She lived, however, about two hours and was found and carried into her house before she expired. This, of course, is mere tradition with me."

Miss Jeanie D. McKee, daughter of the late Hon. Geo. R. McKee, shortly after her father's death, wrote me as follows:

"528 Garrard Street,
Covington, Ky., July 10th, 1889.

My Dear Cousin:

The record in grandfather McKee's Bible, which I have, says: "Grandmother Jane Logan McKee was killed by the Indians in 1764, on Kerr's Creek, Rockbridge county, Va." I once asked my father how this

happened, and he told me that she, becoming uneasy at the prolonged absence of her husband, John McKee, left the house in search of him and, when a short distance from home, she was seized by a stray Indian and scalped. His grandfather, William McKee, told him this; also the old servants. I think I wrote you, a year ago, that, when William McKee and his wife Miriam emigrated to Kentucky, two brothers of the latter accompanied them and that, from these two brothers are descended the McKees of Franklin, Anderson and Woodford counties."

Mr. John A. R. Varner, of Lexington, Va., on February 14th, 1890, wrote me a very interesting letter from which I take the following extract:

"At our October County Court I met Mr. Alexander Bayne, of the Kerr's Creek country, a venerable man of perhaps eighty years. He lives under the shadow of the House Mountain—the tallest of the clan that hems in the enchanted valley of Kerr's Creek—among the billowy hills rolling along its base. He knew the brothers, James and William McKee, your great grand-uncles, well. As a boy he has helped to harvest wheat in the 'Egypt field' —a name it bears to this day, and was doubtless suggested by its supposed resemblance to

the fertile alluvial delta of the Nile. He has seen these brothers in 'towering rages,' as well as in their tender and more lovable moods—for they had mildness in their blood as well as iron and anger; and he has observed the austere gravity of the Covenanters ripple into a kind of French vivacity. Mr. Bayne's account of John McKee's conduct at the Kerr's Creek massacre, as derived from his mother, is as follows:

"When John McKee first discovered the Indians approaching, he and his wife, followed by their dog, left their house and endeavored to reach a thickly wooded hill near by. They had not gone far before Jane McKee, who was in a delicate condition and soon to become a mother, became exhausted and begged her husband to leave her to her fate and make his own escape. This he refused to do. Seeing, however, near them a sink-hole surrounded by an almost impenetrable thicket of privet and briar bushes, in a hollow in the field, out of view of the Indians, he placed his wife in this and started to give the alarm to the other settlers down the creek. The Indians were about to abandon the pursuit, when one of them, attracted by the barking of the faithful dog, which had remained with her, discovered Jane McKee's hiding place. She was scalped and left for dead.

"This account seems to me the most reasonable of all of them. It has about it the very aroma of probability and authenticity. I have never believed for one moment that John McKee deserted his wife at that trying time. Everything is against it. The man who led a forlorn hope of pioneers into a wilderness never acted in such an ignoble manner, and the proud, unpausing valor of his children's children, on a hundred battle-fields, disproves the charge.

"My own belief about the matter is: The McKees were men of decided opinions, they were very positive men, and they never minced words when they wanted to express their disapproval of anything mean, or unmanly. In this very way John McKee may have incurred the bitter enmity of some of his neighbors, who gave currency to this vile slander. Kerr's Creek should be a sacred spot to every one in whose veins runs a drop of the blood of Jane McKee. Not so much because she died there, as because a noble mother, whose only laws were love and duty, suffered, sorrowed and accepted her new lot, and bravely bent herself to her more than doubled weight of care and toil."

It will be observed that all the accounts, with the exception of Mr. Brown's, agree in

stating that Jane Logan McKee was scalped These accounts were written by people who were entire strangers to each other, and who narrated the tradition as it had been handed down to them by their ancestors. Eminently respectable and well-known, in every instance, not one of them has reflected upon John McKee's conduct and certainly the balance of testimony would incline towards the probability of their statement being the correct one. This concurrence as to Jane McKee having been scalped is an important point, and disproves the statement that John McKee abandoned her as related by Mr. Brown. If the alleged Indian stopped, even for the short time it would have taken him to scalp the wounded woman, any athletic woodsman could easily have outstripped him and rendered further pursuit useless. Hence it was necessary for his enemies to state that she was simply knocked down, or tomahawked, and that the savage immediately continued his pursuit of John McKee. He, a pioneer in the Wilderness,—one of those brave, adventurous men that dared to live in a country surrounded by savages, and subject at any moment to their raids, or onslaughts, was not armed when he was, according to Mr. Brown, attempting to escape with his wife. What man is there,

whether he be citizen—soldier, or scout; whether he be naturally a bold or timid man, would not, in the last extremity where his life and the lives of those he loved were involved, arm himself with every weapon he could use to advantage in the last desperate struggle?

If John McKee were with his wife at all when she attempted to conceal herself in the dense shrubbery of the sink-hole, which is extremely doubtful, he, like the brave man that he was, tried, with all the instinct of the partridge of his own fields, to divert attention from her and draw the pursuing savages after him alone out into the open. But it is believed that, upon the earnest solicitation of his sick and nervous wife, he had gone to a neighbor's to look after his children, and, upon hurrying back to his home when the alarm was given, he arrived only in time to find his wife scalped, and to bear her maimed body into the house where she lived for two hours. There would be no difficulty in tracing her with his dogs—his knowledge of the locality and his woodman's instinct. As he survived the massacre of course there would be opportunity for comment upon that fact, not only by his enemies but even by innocent people, who hear misty legends handed down through the ages.

The Rev. Mr. Brown, who was a Christian gentleman, and not one who would go down into the grave of a brave man, and rend his memory with the fangs of a ghoul, was simply giving a hearsay and apocryphal legend he had heard from some of the descendants of the survivors, as he states in his account. I have given the statements of other descendants of the survivors, not one of whom had ever heard even a hint of such an allegation against the brave old pioneer—

> No, 'tis slander;
> Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue
> Outvenoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath
> Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
> All corners of the world; kings, queens and states,
> Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave
> This viperous slander enters. —*Cymbeline.*

WILL OF JOHN M'KEE.

In the name of God, Amen. I, John McKee, of Rockbridge county and State of Virginia, this 26th day of October, in the year of our Lord, 1791, calling to mind the mortality of my body and that it is appointed for all men once to die, do, therefore, make and ordain this my last will and testament.

First of all: I give and recommend my soul into the hands of Almighty God who gave it, nothing doubting but at the general resurrection I shall receive the same again by the almighty power of God. My body I

recommend to the dust, to be buried in a Christian and decent manner. And as touching what worldly estate as it hath pleased God to bless me with in this life I dispose and bequeath the same in the following manner:

I allow all my just debts and funeral expense to be carefully paid.

I give unto my beloved wife, Rosannah McKee, a sufficient maintenance off my plantation, with a negro wench to assist her, during her natural life, with a horse kept for her use and two cows, with all my kitchen furniture and a bed and furniture.

I give unto my son, John McKee, all the real and personal estate that I possess (excepting the legacies hereafter mentioned) to him and his heirs forever.

I give unto Mary Weir, Miriam McKee, James McKee, Robert McKee, William McKee and David McKee, my daughters and sons, to each of them twenty shillings, to be paid by my executors at the end of one year after my decease. And I do constitute and appoint Rosannah McKee executrix and John Wilson executor of this my last will, and disannul all other will or wills by me heretofore made, and ordain this to be my last will and testament.

In witness whereof I hereunto set my hand and seal the day and year above written.

JOHN MCKEE. [SEAL.]

Note.—It must not be inferred from the foregoing will that John McKee cut off all his children except John McKee with "twenty shillings." As they married in his lifetime, he provided for all of them. To some he gave land and to others money and negroes. To my wife's great-grandfather, William McKee, he gave "Highland Bell" plantation, now one of the finest farms in this county; and to James McKee the "Red House Farm," now owned by his heirs. The term "negro wench" was applied by all our old people to negro women. J. A. R. V.

In one of Mr. Varner's delightful letters to the *Gazette*, entitled "A Rummage in the County Clerk's Office," there appear the following excerpts from the records of that office, in Rockbridge county, Va., from 1778 to 1788: "In the list of personal property, belonging to the estate of James McKee, there is: 1 small quantity of *campfire*, 7 sermon books, and 6 yards five hundred linen."

"1 negro wench, belonging to the estate of John McKee, deceased, is appraised at £5,000—which smacks somewhat of the prices paid for the 'chattels' during the Confederacy."

Says Mr. Varner further: "In that 'Iliad of Woes,' the Execution Book of 1787, the following are a few of the returns made on the legal processes. In our more modern days the debtor can bid defiance to the sheriff, or constable, from the shelter afforded by the bankrupt and stay laws. It will be seen the more potent agency of carnal weapons was used then with equally flattering success. Here are some of the returns: '*Jane Buchanan* by *James Buchanan*, her father and next friend, *vs. William McKee*. [Debt £25; costs, 104 lbs. tobacco and 15*s*.] Keeped off with a drawn sword. JOHN HOUSTON, *Sheriff*."

Here follow several other returns by sheriffs Houston and Galbraith and Constable J. Buchanan, wherein the parties sought vamosed or, *vi et armis*, 'keeped off' the sheriff with a club.'

Sheriff William McKee, (kinsman of the present *fieri facias*) more fortunate, returns: 'Executed, and his body in prison bounds.'"

Mr. Varner remarks: "The Wm. McKee who met the sheriff with the execution, with a 'drawn sword,' *I will not say who he was.* It was very naughty in him to treat his kinsman, Sheriff Houston, in that way, and M—— says doubtless the debt was unjust."

William, the Pioneer.

It is thought that William McKee, the pioneer, left Lancaster county, Pa., and joined his brothers Robert and John, on Kerr's Creek, Rockbridge county, Va., about 1760. It will be seen that Hugh Ware McKee says in his statement: "Grandfather's brother, William (one of the eleven) settled in Augusta county (or Botetourt) and his family moved to Kentucky about 1788 or 1790, and most of them live now in Montgomery county, Ky. He died in Virginia."

Mr. Henry Clay McKee, of Mt. Sterling, Ky., says: "Wm. McKee, with others, came to Pennsylvania from the North of Ireland about 1736, and moved from Lancaster county, Pa., to Botetourt county, now Rockbridge county, Va., in about 1749."

It therefore may be possible that he went to Virginia earlier than 1760, but most of the family traditions point to the latter date as the correct one.

I have little information as to details in his life, but only know that he had the reputation of being an upright, honorable gentleman and a good citizen in every respect.

His descendants in Kentucky have always been noted as men of great integrity, and markedly strong character.

William, Son of John, the Pioneer.

Mr. Varner, in one of his letters, says: "William McKee, brother of Miriam McKee, never held a military commission; but, had he been measured by a combative standard, by one of undoubted courage, what a splendid brigadier general he would have made! Cromwell, as he sat on his horse at Marston Moor, might have been cooler, but braver—never.

"William McKee was tall and thin, had gray eyes, dark brown hair and dark complexion. Mr. Harvey Fulton had several stories on the old man which he could tell well. Mr. Fulton died five years ago at an advanced age, and he knew William McKee well. His father's farm and the farm of William McKee, on Moffatt's Creek, adjoined. I will give you two of Mr. Fulton's stories, and hope they will not shock you:

"In the 'good old days' the farmers of the valley sent their produce to the Richmond markets by what were called 'road wagons'—

long covered affairs with four horses which were in use in my day even. These, with the negro drivers would be sent forward, to be followed after three or four days by the owner on horseback. While in Richmond, on one of these trips, William McKee attended a political meeting. Politics were at a white heat, and the meeting proved to be a Democratic gathering. One of the speakers declared Eastern Virginia was tired of being dominated by the blunt-nosed, vinegar-faced, Presbyterian, Scotch-Irish, Federal-Whigs of Augusta and Rockbridge." This was more than the old man could stand, and he interrupted the speaker. Hot words were succeeded by blows. McKee knocked him down and was getting in his work on his face when cooler men took him off and away, and thus prevented what would have resulted in a general fight.

"One summer day, during a thunder shower as the old man sat on his porch sipping his 'tansy bitters'—and he was not singular in his tastes, as everybody in those days drank this nectar—one of his negro men, old Davy Logan by name, came running, saying, 'Massa, the lightning's struck a hay stack and its burning.' Another and another came running with the same unwelcome intelligence. This

accumulation of misfortunes was too much for the old gentleman's usual (?) serenity of mind, and he yelled out. 'Well, go and set fire to the rest of 'em, and let 'em all go to hell together.'

"These will, perhaps, give you some idea of what manner of man your great grand-uncle was, or rather a phase of his character, if not a phase of human nature. And yet he was kind and gentle, the truest of friends and given to lavish hospitality.

"All that is earthly of William McKee and his wife, Jean Kennedy, lies buried in New Providence Church graveyard."

Colonel. William McKee.

OF ROCKBRIDGE COUNTY, VA., SON OF ROBERT, THE PIONEER.

William McKee, son of the Pioneer, Robert, was born in 1732. He must therefore have been about six years of age when he came to America with his father from County Down, Ireland. Some of the McKees state that he was born in the Shenandoah Valley, but I think that is a mistake, and that at the age of five or six years he came with his father to Lancaster, Pa. The traditions of the family are that he was at Braddock's defeat with his father, and that he held some commission or appointment in the English Army or forces in America, previous to the American Revolution. He, however, with the great majority of the Scotch-Irish joined in the Rebellion against the English Government in the war of Independence.

Col. William McKee was appointed Colonel of Rockbridge County, Va., in 1785. William McKee, brother of Miriam McKee never held

a military commission. He was a combative man, hot-tempered, genial and generous.

Mr. Varner writes:—"A gentleman informed me recently, that he had it from Mrs. Margaret McKee Carson (born 1791) that Capt. McKee's Company in the Indian wars (at Pt. Pleasant?) had 67 men on the roll, not one of whom stood less than six feet in his moccasins and every one of whom had a Deckhard rifle.

"The Valley McKees turned out some good Presbyterian ministers—several excellent civil engineers, and a score or more of fine soldiers. They belonged to all branches of the service and they shed their blood on every battle-field in Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania for the Confederacy. Two yielded up their lives on the "bloody steeps" of Gettysburg, and fill unknown and unmarked graves. Not one ever deserted the cause he thought righteous, and at roll call, on the eve of battle, like old Col. Newcomb when he was about to die, every man with a drop of McKee blood in his veins, answered, "Adsum."

"Their names are synonimous with virtue, integrity, exalted courage and fervent piety. What more need the world ask for? What more can it command of its children? Before the war they were all ardent, uncom-

promising Whigs, and they were all strong, Union-loving people, until Mr. Lincoln made a requisition on their Governor for troops in 1861, when they cast their fortunes with their State. Mrs. Berry says her grandfather, William McKee,* was the first sheriff of Rockbridge County, after its formation in 1778, and was about five years old at the time of the death of his mother, Jane Logan McKee.

"The Logans were tall, sparely-built people, with black hair and eyes, and complexions inclined to sallowness. The McKees were tall, well proportioned people, with reddish, bushy hair, shaggy brows and small piercing blue or gray canny eyes.

"In the course of my investigations I came across a deed from Colonel McKee for his farm near Lexington to Joseph Patton. I quote these words: 'This indenture made the fifth day of April, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-six, between William McKee and Miriam, his wife, of the one part, and Joseph Patton, of the other part, both of the County of Rockbridge, etc.' Then follows the certificate of the County Clerk, stating that they (Colonel McKee and his wife) appeared

* He was the brother of Miriam McKee and the first cousin and brother-in-law of Col. Wm. McKee, Colonel Commandant of Rockbridge County.

in Court, 'and the said Miriam having been privily examined, voluntarily relinquished her dower in the land.'

"I merely touch this matter to prove that it was your great-grandfather* who resigned his commission as Colonel of the County on the same day and year this deed was acknowledged in Court."

"Recently, in examining the records of Rockbridge County, I came across some entries that may, perhaps, interest you: On September 4, 1781, William McKee qualified as Sheriff of Rockbridge County. He was commissioned by His Excellency, Thomas Nelson, Esq., Governor, under the seal of the Com-

* In my investigations and correspondence with Mr. Varner I got Col. William McKee, the Colonel Commandant, confused with his first cousin and brother-in-law, William McKee, who, according to his descendant, Mrs. Berry, was the first Sheriff of Rockbridge County. But it will be seen that Mr. Varner was entirely right, and the mistake was altogether on my part. Dr. John Lapsley McKee says in his statement under head of "Accounts from Different Sources," which occurs further on: "Some confusion as to the date of my grandfather, William McKee's moving to Kentucky, has arisen from the fact that he *visited* the State at least once before he *moved*." Mr. Varner says: "The appearance of Col. McKee in Court to resign his commission in April, 1796, may be explained. His presence in Virginia at that time might have been due to business requirements. His father-in-law was dead and his brother-in-law, John McKee, who died unmarried and intestate, and who owned considerable and valuable lands, may have made the visit to Virginia necessary, his wife being one of his heirs."

monwealth, August 10, 1781. His bond was fixed at £1,061,500—a fabulous sum even in Continental money! On the same date Samuel Wallace and William McKee produced their commissions in Court from Governor Nelson, appointing them Lieutenant Colonel and Major, respectively, of the county, 'and qualified thereto according to law.'

It is a little singular that our great-grandfathers were thus associated more than a century ago. The male line of my mother's people were nearly exterminated through the casualties of battle, or by disease, during the Revolution. Samuel Wallace had four brothers, all of whom were officers in the regular Continental army. Lieutenant Hugh Wallace died in hospital in Philadelphia; Lieutenant Malcolm Wallace died of fever, contracted in the trenches before Boston; Captain Andrew Wallace was killed at the battle of Guilford; and Captain Adam Wallace was butchered by Tarleton's fierce troopers in the affair at Waxhaw, South Carolina.

"The last named belonged to the Tenth Virginia Continental Line, Colonel Buford (progenitor of your Kentucky Bufords).

"January 4, 1785, William McKee, *Colonel* of the County of Rockbridge, produced his commission in Court (from Governor Patrick

Henry) and qualified thereto according to law." ["NOTE:—Colonel Samuel McDowell having emigrated to Kentucky, and Lieutenant Colonel Wallace having died, Andrew Moore was appointed Lieutenant Colonel, and Major William McKee "jumped" to the Colonelcy of the regiment."]

"June 6, 1786: William McKee resigned the office of Commissioner of the Land Tax, and here is another coincidence. My brother, Andrew Wallace Varner, now holds this office. He commanded a company (Twenty-seventh Virginia Infantry, Stonewall Brigade) at Gettysburg, and lost an arm and was otherwise badly wounded in the charge on Culp's Hill.

"April 5, 1796: William McKee, Colonel Commandant of this County, appeared in Court and resigned his commission.

"After this date I can find no mention of Colonel McKee. Could he have removed to Kentucky as late as 1796?* His wife died October 3, 1796, and it would seem he tendered his resigation while here on business. I find that at that time 'a rifle company,' 'a grenadier company,' and 'a light horse troop,' composed part of the military establishment of the county. There seems to have been no artillery company. I have two old

* He removed to Kentucky about 1790.

books, one of them Dr. Campbell's account of the 'Battle of Point Pleasant,' and the other Wither's 'Border Warfare,' in which frequent and always honorable mention is made of your great grandfather. 'Border Warfare' was found in the attic of M——'s old home, and doubtless belonged to some of the older McKees. If you have not met with them I will loan them to you.

"When I wrote you that Colonel William McKee had voted in the Virginia Convention of 1788, *for* the ratification of the Constitution, I merely stated what I had always heard from well informed people. I find, on referring to my copy of the 'Debates and other Proceedings' of that Convention, that Colonel McKee, along with Henry Lee, ('Light Horse Harry,' and father of General R. E. Lee,) Edmund Pendleton, Governor Randolph, John Marshall, James Madison and George Wythe, *voted for ratification;* while Alexander Robertson, with Patrick Henry, William Grayson, James Monroe and George Mason *voted against ratification.* The vote was ayes, 89; noes, 79. So you will see that while your great-grandfathers were honest in their views, and differed on this question, both were in 'mighty good company.'

"Col. McKee and General Moore were elected delegates from this county because they were in favor of ratification. As the sessions of the convention wore on, the fiery eloquence of Patrick Henry seems to have brought about a change in the sentiments of the Rockbridge people. A large public meeting was held at the Court House in Lexington, at which a resolution was adopted instructing the delegates from this county to vote *against* ratification. As will be seen, they refused to obey these instructions, and they did right in my opinion. This is a piece of unwritten county history. I have often thought that this convention was the ablest, most experienced, respectable and sagacious assemblage of men ever held in the United States. This is saying a great deal. "Light Horse Harry Lee's speech, in reply to Patrick Henry's great and splendid effort, is the finest thing I ever read."

Col. William McKee was twice married. His second wife was a widow, Mrs. Davis, who was related to him by blood. Miss Jeanie D. McKee writes: He removed to Kentucky about the year 1792, settling in what was then Lincoln County, but which was afterward included in Garrard County. He brought with him to Kentucky some negroes, four men and one woman, that my father

can remember—and a white convict, Peter Wiggison, who, after serving the time of his sentence, continued to live with the family. Peter's duties do not appear to have been onerous, consisting mainly in winding up the tall clock every Sunday morning, and entertaining your father and my father with wonderful yarns.

"These two brothers spent a good deal of time with their grand-father, who taught them both to read. Although kind, he was a strict disciplinarian, and such a devout Presbyterian that he would never entertain anybody on Sunday. If people went to his house on Sunday, he gave them something to read while he himself read the Bible. He always asked a blessing at table, but was frequently compelled to stop in the midst of it to administer reproof to my father,* who was disposed to take meat before grace.

"William McKee had the broadest Scotch accent and certainly made the impression upon those who remember him of being thoroughly Scotch.

"The record in the Bible is in my Grandfather's† writing. I copy a few of the notices which may be of interest to you. There seems to be a slight discrepancy in some of

*Hon. George R. McKee. †Hon. Samuel McKee.

the dates. I think that William McKee must have been in the 34th and not the 31st year of his age, at the time of his marriage.

"William McKee and his cousin, Miriam McKee, were married the 20th of May, 1766, in the 31st year of his age and the 19th year of her age.—Robert McKee, father of William, who was father of Samuel, departed this life, in Rockbridge County, Va., June 11th, 1766, aged 82.—Grandmother Agnes McKee, wife of Robert, departed this life at the same place, January 29th, 1780, in the 80th year of her age.—John McKee, mother's father, departed this life March 2d, 1792, in the 84th year of his age.—William McKee, father, departed this life the 11th day of October, 1816, in the 84th year of his age.—Miriam McKee, mother, departed this life, October 3d, 1796, in Lincoln County, Ky., in the 50th year of her age.

"I enclose a little sketch of Grandfather McKee's life, as there may be some facts with which you are not familiar. I regard it as a serious misfortune that his correspondence with Harrison and Calhoun should have been destroyed. It would make particularly interesting reading at the present time, besides being a valuable addition to the history of the country.

"The correspondence was voluminous. Grandfather's opinions seem to have had great weight with both men, and his advice was frequently sought by Gen'l Harrison."

The following extracts are taken from the "Catalogue of the Officers and Alumni of Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Virginia, 1749–1888:—

Page 9.—"In April, 1775, the Presbytery resolved that as guardians and directors, * * * * finding that they cannot of themselves forward subscriptions in a particular manner, they do, for the encouragement of the Academy, recommend it to the following gentlemen to take in subscriptions, in their behalf, viz.: The Rev. Mr. Cumming, Col. Wm. Preston, and Col. Wm. Christian, in Fincastle (County); Col. Lewis, Col. Fleming and Mr. Lockart, in Botetourt; on south side of James River, Capt. John Bowyer, Capt Wm. McKee, Capt. Audley Paul, Capt. John Maxwell and Mr. James Trimble. * * * * *

Pages 34 and 35.—"Augusta Academy and Liberty Hall. Trustees. Previous to charter of 1782. * * * * Entered office, 1776. Capt. Wm. McKee. (re-appointed 1782). Vacated office 1782. Secretaries to Board of Trustees. Previous to charter of 1782. Entered office, 1776. Wm. McKee. Vacated office, 1777.

PAGE 36.—"Washington College and Washington and Lee University, under the charter of 1782. Trustees appointed, 1782; * * * Col. Wm. McKee. * * * Vacated office.

PAGE 49.—"Register of Alumni, 1749-1782; (Previous to charter of 1782). 37. *Col. William McKee, Rockbridge Co.: Soldier at Braddock's Defeat: Captain at Point Pleasant: Member Virginia Convention, 1788: Member Virginia Legislature: High Sheriff of Rockbridge County: Trustee Liberty Hall Academy, 1782-96: Garrard Co., Ky.: Died October 12, 1816, aged 82."

LETTER FROM WM. McKEE DUNCAN.

WM. McKEE DUNCAN, Attorney at Law,
341 Fifth Street,
LOUISVILLE, Ky., August 14, 1890.

DEAR COUSIN:

John forwarded your letter to me here where I have been living for several years. I forward you herewith the extracts in regard to Grandfather William McKee, from "Border Warfare," a literary relic I picked up in Carter County, Ky., last April, and which I prize on account of the mention of our ancestor. I have copied for you. There is but one other

* The date of his death and age, as above given, are slightly incorrect. He died October 11, 1816, aged 84, in that part of Lincoln County, Ky., now included in Garrard.

copy of the book I know of in the State, and that is in the collection of Colonel Durrett, of this city, of rare documents and books relating to the early history of Kentucky. I send you considerable of the contents of these extracts in order to give the true effect of the references to Grandfather as I view them. In these accounts he takes equal rank with the noblest and best men of the age in which he lived. From what I read of history I am satisfied the past never produced nobler men and women than the Scotch-Irish Presbyterians who settled west of the Blue Ridge in the early part of the eighteenth century. Our ancestors were not the least among that noble band, whose subsequent histories show them to have been not only of Spartan courage, but of the highest order of intellectual and moral force. I send the full extract so you can use the author's privilege of running your pen through such portions of it as are not suitable for your book.

I have heard Uncle George relate a laughable incident about Grandfather William, which illustrates his fearless and outspoken character. General Thos. Kennedy, a revolutionary soldier and Indian fighter, and a great bully, who figured in the early history of Madison and Garrard Counties, was a candidate against William Bledsoe for the Legislature. Grand-

father very cordially hated Bledsoe. It was then the custom for the contending candidates to sit at the one voting place in the county and thank the voters.

"Give way!" cried the election officers, "here comes Col. McKee to vote. Who will you vote for, Col. McKee?"

"I vote for William Bledsoe," he responded.

"Thank you, Col. McKee, thank you!" said Bledsoe, with a flourish.

"You needn't thank me, Billy Bledsoe," said the old man in his broad Scotch, "you are a dommed mean mon, but as between you and Tom Kennedy I will take the less of the evils."

"I recollect you very distinctly. I haven't seen you since I was a very small boy. I expect time has wrought a greater change in me than in you, for I now weigh about 200 pounds. If you come to Louisville at any time, call on me.

I remain, very truly,

Wm. McKee Duncan.

"Border Warfare.—*pp.* 129, 130, &c. *Battle of Point Pleasant.*—This distinguished chief and consummate warrior (Cornstalk) proved himself on that day to be justly entitled to the prominent station which he

occupied. His plan of alternate retreat and attack was well conceived, and occasioned the principal loss sustained by the whites. If, at any time, his warriors were believed to waver, his voice could be heard above the din of arms, exclaiming in his native tongue, "Be Strong! Be Strong!" And when one near him by trepidation and reluctance to proceed to the charge evinced a dastardly disposition, fearing the example might have a pernicious influence, with one blow of the tomahawk he severed his skull. It was, perhaps a solitary instance in which terror predominated. Never did men exhibit a more conclusive evidence of bravery in making a charge and fortitude in withstanding an onset than did these undisciplined soldiers of the forest, in the field at Point Pleasant. Such too was the good conduct of those who composed the army of Virginia on that occasion, and such the noble bravery of many, that high expectations were entertained of their future distinction, nor were those expectations disappointed. In the various scenes through which they subsequently passed the pledge of after eminence then given was fully redeemed and the names of Shelby, Campbell, Matthews, Fleming, Moore and others, then compatriots in arms on the memorable 10th of October, 1774, have

been inscribed in brilliant characters on the roll of fame.*

"Border Warfare.—*pp.* 176-7-8. *Defense of Point Pleasant, May, 1778.*—The determination of the Shawnees to revenge the death of the Sachem, (Cornstalk) had hitherto been productive of no very serious consequences. A while after his murder a small band of them made their appearance near the fort at

Note.—The following gentlemen, with others of high reputation in private life, were officers in the battle of Point Pleasant: Gen. Isaac Shelby, the first Governor of Kentucky, and afterwards Secretary of War; Gen. William Campbell and Col. John Campbell, heroes of King's Mountain and Long Island; Gen. Evan Shelby, one of the most favored citizens of Tennessee, often honored with the confidence of that State; Col. William Fleming, an active Governor of Virginia during the Revolutionary war; Gen. Andrew Moore, of Rockbridge, the only man ever elected by Virginia from the country west of the Blue Ridge to the Senate of the United States; Col. John Stuart, of Greenbriar; Gen. Tate, of Washington County, Virginia; Col. William McKee, of Lincoln County, Kentucky; Col. John Steele, since a Governor of Mississippi Territory; Col. Charles Cameron, of Bath; Gen. Bazabel Wells, of Ohio, and Gen. George Matthews, a distinguished officer in the war of the Revolution, the hero of Brandywine, Germantown and of Guilford, a Governor of Georgia and a Senator from that State in the Congress of the United States. The salvation of the American army at Germantown is ascribed, in Johnstone's Life of General Greene, to the bravery and good conduct of two regiments, one of which was commanded by General, then Collonel, Matthews.

Note 2.—I suppose you know from the family record in the old Bible that grandfather "Samuel McKee was born October, 1774, while his father, William McKee, was commanding, as a Captain, at the battle of the 'Point.'"

Point Pleasant, and Lieutenant Moore was dispatched from the garrison with some men to drive them off. Upon his advance they commenced retreating, and the officer commanding the detachment fearing they would escape ordered a quick pursuit. He did not proceed far before he fell into an ambuscade. He and three of his men were killed at the first fire: the rest of the party saved themselves by a precipitate flight to the fort. In the May following this transaction a few Indians again came in sight of the fort, but as the garrison had been very much reduced by the removal of Capt. Arbuckle's company, and the experience of the last season had taught them prudence, Captain McKee forbore to detach any of his men in pursuit of them. Disappointed in their expectations of enticing others to destruction, as they had Lieutenant Moore in the winter, the Indians suddenly rose from their covert and presented an unbroken line, extending from the Ohio to Kanawha river in front of the fort. A demand for the surrender of the garrison was then made, and Captain McKee asked till the next morning to consider of it. In the course of the night the men were busily employed in bringing water from the river, expecting that the Indians would continue before the fort for some time.

In the morning Captain McKee sent his answer by the grenadier squaw (sister of Cornstalk, and who, notwithstanding the murder of her brother and nephew, was still attached to the whites and was remaining at the fort in the capacity of interpreter) that he could not comply with their demand. The Indians immediately began the attack and for one week kept the garrison closely besieged. Finding, however, that they made no impression on the fort, they collected the cattle about it and instead of returning towards their country with plunder proceeded up the Kanawha river towards the Greenbriar settlement. Believing their object to be the destruction of that settlement and knowing from their great force that they would certainly accomplish it, if the inhabitants were unadvised of their approach Captain McKee dispatched two men to Col. Andrew Donnelly's (then the frontier house) with the intelligence. These men soon came in view of the Indians; but finding they were advancing in detached groups and dispersed in hunting parties, through the woods, they despaired of being able to pass them and returned to the fort. Captain McKee then made an appeal to the chivalry of the garrison and asked, "Who would risk his life to save the people of Greenbriar." John Pryor and Philip

Hammond at once stepped forward and replied, "We will." They were then habited after the Indian manner and painted in Indian style by the Grenadier Squaw, and departed on their hazardous, but noble and generous undertaking. Travelling night and day with great rapidity they passed the Indians at Meadow river, and arrived about sun set of that day at Donnelly's fort, twenty miles further on.

As soon as the intelligence of the approach of the Indians was communicated by these men, Colonel Donnelly had the neighbors all advised of it; and in the course of the night they called at his house. He also dispatched a messenger to Capt. John Stuart to acquaint him with the fact and made every preparation to resist attack and insure their safety of which his situation admitted. Pryor and Hammond told them how by the precaution of Captain McKee the garrison at Point Pleasant had been saved from suffering by the want of water and advised them to lay in a plentiful supply of that necessary article. A hogshead was accordingly filled and rolled behind the door of the kitchen which adjoined the dwelling house. * * * * * * *

When intelligence was conveyed to Captain Stuart of the approach of so large a body of

savages Col. Samuel Lewis was with him and they both exerted themselves to save the settlement from destruction by collecting the inhabitants at a fort where Lewisburg now stands. Having succeeded in this, they sent two men to Donnelly's to learn whether the Indians had advanced that far. As they approached the firing became distinctly audible and they returned with the tidings. Capt. Stuart and Col. Lewis proposed marching to the relief of Donnelly's fort with as many men as were willing to accompany them; and in a brief space of time commenced their march at the head of sixty men. Pursuing the most direct route without regarding the road they approached the house on the backside, and thus escaped an ambuscade of Indians placed near the road to intercept and cut off any assistance which might be sent from the upper settlements.

Hon. Samuel McKee, of Kentucky

Hon. Samuel McKee, son of Col. William McKee, of Virginia, was born in Rockbridge County, Va., October 13, 1774. He came to Kentucky with his father about 1790, and settled in that part of Lincoln County now known as Garrard. It may be possible, however, that he did not join his father in Kentucky until after he had graduated at "Liberty Hall," now the "Washington and Lee University," of Lexington, Virginia. This event took place between 1789 and 1800—probably about 1794—as he would then have been twenty years of age. The Catalogue of Alumni for 1888 does not give the date of graduation, but his Alumnus number is put down as 130, between 1789 and 1800. This mention is made of him on page 54:

"Col. Samuel McKee, Rockbridge County; (Son of 37:) Garrard County, Ky.; Lawyer;

Member United States Congress, 1809-17; Circuit Judge; U. S. District Judge; Member Kentucky Legislature; Member Commission appointed by President Monroe to clear the Ohio and Missippi rivers of obstructions; Died October 16, 1826."

He was a very able lawyer, and much admired by the Kentuckians for his integrity, ability and patriotism. Mention of the latter may be seen further on in the eulogy delivered by the Hon. John C. Breckinridge at the burial of the Kentucky volunteers who fell in Mexico.

Miss Jeanie D. McKee gives the following information received from her father, Hon. George R. McKee:

"Hon. Samuel McKee studied law with Judge John Boyle. Upon the organization of Pulaski County he was appointed County Surveyor. He was elected to the Legislature from the counties of Wayne and Pulaski. He returned to Garrard, and was elected to the Legislature from that county. He was married the 25th of June, 1807, to Martha Robertson, daughter of Alexander and Margaret Robertson, of Mercer County, Kentucky. In 1808 he was elected to Congress, and was re-elected for three successive terms, serving from 1808 to 1816. While in Congress, in

1811, he made the motion for the declaration of war against England. Whilst a member of Congress he volunteered as a private soldier, and went to the Northwest with the army, and constituted one of the military family of General William Henry Harrison; returning to Washington upon the convening of Congress. In 1816 he settled down to the practice of law. He was twice appointed Circuit Judge, first in the Shelby, afterwards in the Montgomery District. He resigned the last appointment in 1820, and was again elected to the Legislature from Garrard County. He was very violently opposed to the charter of the Commonwealth Bank. After his return from the Legislature, in 1821, he made a speech to his constituents, perhaps as large an audience as ever assembled in the Court House of Garrard County, in which he foretold, with the prescience of a prophet, what afterwards came to pass as the result of the establishment of the Bank of the Commonwealth. In all the positions which he filled, he was noted for his fidelity to the trusts reposed in him."

In a beautiful spot in the woodland of the old McKee homestead, near Lancaster, Ky., there is a little monument with the following inscription:

SAMUEL M'KEE.

A distinguished Member of Congress from the Garrard District from 1808 to 1816, and the father of Col. William Robertson McKee, who fell in the battle of Buena Vista, was the son of William McKee, who commanded as a Captain in the Battle of the Point 1774. Was born October, 1774, in Rockbridge County, Virginia, and died October 16, 1826.

MARTHA ROBERTSON.

The pious, prudent and affectionate wife of Samuel McKee, was born in Mercer County, Kentucky, July 9, 1788, while her father, Alexander Robertson, was on the Virginia Convention, and died in Garrard, April 14, 1848.

FAMILY OF SAMUEL M'KEE AND HIS WIFE, MARTHA ROBERTSON.

William Robertson McKee was born, September 29th, 1808.

George Robertson McKee was born, May 27th, 1810.

Alexander Robertson McKee was born, February 4th, 1816.

Jane Logan McKee was born, August 23d, 1818.

COLONEL WILLIAM ROBERTSON M'KEE.

Cullum's Register of the Officers and Graduates of the U. S. Military Academy, West Point, N. Y., gives on page 343, vol. 1, the following record:

(Born Ky.) Ap'd Ky.

Military History.—Cadet at the U. S. Military Academy from July 1, 1825, to July 1, 1829, when he was graduated and promoted in the Army to

By't Second Lieut. 3d Artillery, July, 1, 1829.

Second Lieut. 3d Artillery, July 1, 1829.

Served: in garrison at Ft. Preble, Maine, 1829–33. On Engineer duty, Mar. 18.

—(First Lieut. 3d Artillery, Aug. 13, 1836.) 1833, to June 28, 1836; and in operations in the Creek Nation, 1836.

Resigned, Sept. 15, 1836.

Civil History.—Asst. Engineer of Charleston, S. C., Louisville, Ky., and Cincinnati, Ohio, projected Railroad, 1836–38. Counsellor at Law, Lexington, Ky., 1838–44. Chief Engineer of Frankfort and Lexington Railroad, Ky., 1844–46.

Military History.—Served in the War with Mexico, 1846–47 as Colonel, 2d Regiment Kentucky Volunteers, June 9, 1846, being engaged in the Battle of Buena Vista, where, while gallantly leading a charge of his regiment he was

Killed, Feb. 23, 1847; Aged 39.

Col. William R. McKee was married to Jane Wilson at West Alexandria, Washington

County, Pa., April 27, 1836. He had met her in Pennsylvania, when he was a young lieutenant of artillery on engineering duty connected with the construction of the National Road. She was the granddaughter of the Rev. Colin McFarquhar, pastor of the Donegal Church, during the Revolutionary War. Of naturally a bright and sunny disposition, she possessed great talent, and was universally beloved for the generous sympathies of her heart, and the many Christian virtues that adorned her character. Her life was clouded with sorrow—her husband and son having been killed in battle, and her only daughter dying in her early womanhood—but she bore up bravely and with christian resignation to the end. She died at the residence of her son, Major George W. McKee, U. S. Army, Allegheny Arsenal, Pa., September 9, 1888, aged 76.

FAMILY OF COL. WILLIAM ROBERTSON M'KEE AND HIS WIFE, JANE M'KEE.

Martha Robertson McKee, born August 2d, 1837; died November 15th, 1873.

George Wilson McKee, born March 29th, 1842.

Hugh Wilson McKee, born April 23d, 1844; killed June 11th, 1871, at the storming of the Citadel, "Fort McKee," Kang Hoa Island,

Corea. He graduated from the U. S. Naval Academy, June, 1866.

Martha Robertson McKee was married to Stephen E. Jones, November 12th, 1856. Their children were:

Alice Lafon Jones, born December 21st, 1860.

Hugh McKee Jones, born September 4th, 1862; died October 2d, 1881.

Annie Barkley Jones, born December 9th, 1865.

Stephen Edward Jones, born March 15th, 1870.

HON. GEORGE ROBERTSON M'KEE.

Hon. George Robertson McKee, second son of Hon. Samuel McKee, was a lawyer, a man of profound learning, and one of Kentucky's most brilliant orators. But, above all, he was ever noted for his integrity, and his contempt for everything that was mean, underhand or unmanly. It was not in his nature to be insincere to any man. Open-hearted and generous, while possessing a keen wit and fine conversational powers, he was, from his youth, ever popular with the Kentuckians. As one of them said to the writer, some years ago in New York City: "He is steel-clad in honor, and respected from the mountains to the river." Probably an epitome of his life could

not be better expressed than in the following obituary notice of him, which I have selected from many that appeared in the newspapers at the time of his death, which occurred May 12th, 1889.

OBITUARY—HON. GEORGE R. M'KEE.

Peacefully as closes a perfect day there yesterday afternoon ended a life well rounded and well spent, when, after a few days' illness, at his residence, 528 Garrard street, Covington, Ky., there passed to life eternal Judge George R. McKee, who was born in what is now Garrard County, Ky., on the 27th of May, 1810.

He was a man of very high order of ability, large learning, unswerving fidelity, spotless integrity and undaunted courage.

As a lawyer, he stood in the front rank of a Bar that had no superior in the United States. As a Judge, he was prompt, courteous, able, fair and just. As a citizen, he appreciated his duties and responsibilities, and discharged them well. As a neighbor, he was accommodating to the extent of self-sacrificing. As a husband and father, he was loyal, affectionate and indulgent. His life, beginning almost with the dawn of the present century, closes at a ripe age, having witnessed great changes,

wonderful innovations and undreamed-of advancement. His immediate ancestors were among the sturdy pioneers who hewed and fought their way through the wilderness, laying the groundwork for what has made Kentucky the fair Commonwealth that she is. His relatives distinguished themselves upon the field, in the forum and on the bench. Kentucky's famed Chief Justice Robertson was his uncle and Col. W. R. McKee, who fell at Buena Vista while bravely leading his gallant Kentuckians, was his only brother, and George R. McKee can be truly said to have had the legal ability of the one and the heroic courage of the other. In 1844 Governor Letcher appointed him Judge of the Circuit Court for what was then known as the Upper District, adjoining Virginia.

Of his capacity and career as a Judge, the justly celebrated Ben Hardin (in what is known as his Owsley speech) said of him:

"He conducted himself with great dignity and propriety as Judge, and his legal attainments qualified him well for the office. Moreover, nature had been exceedingly kind to him in giving him a fine understanding and a clear, vigorous capacity, and not a kind of mind to be caught by the technicalities of the law."

Judge McKee had repeatedly been a member of the General Assembly of Kentucky, and often urged to be a candidate for other official positions, but public life had not for him the charms that prove so irresistible to others. He had been a resident of Covington for the past sixteen years and will be greatly missed and sincerely mourned. His wife, a Miss Wingate, of Frankfort, and their only child, Miss Jennie, survive him, and were with him constantly during his illness. Their devotion to him and his to them were ever beautiful and touching, and to them the sympathy of many will be extended.

The funeral services will be conducted at the residence, this (Monday) afternoon at 4:30 o'clock, and the remains will be taken on Tuesday morning, via the K. C. R. R., to Frankfort, and there interred in historic ground. This short and imperfect sketch is hastily penned by one who knew Judge McKee well and admired him greatly; one who knows that he was incapable of a dishonest or dishonorable act; one who grieves for the separation that has taken place, but, standing at the bier of this dead friend, appreciating his stainless character, adopts hopefully the words:

"Say not good night, but in some fairer clime bid me good morning." B.

Hon. George R. McKee was twice married. His first wife was Maria Cook, of Lancaster, Ky., and one child, Samuel, was born to them July 3, 1835. Samuel went to the U. S. Naval Academy, but did not graduate.

He was engaged in the late War of the Rebellion on the Union side, and was undoubtedly killed, as he never returned to Kentucky, and nothing was ever heard of him afterwards.

After the death of his first wife, Hon. George R. McKee married Sarah Hart Wingate, of Frankfort, Ky., October 5, 1843. The children from this marriage were:

Lucien Wingate McKee, born August 28, 1847; died September 24, 1867.

Jeanie Duncan McKee, born July 18, 1849.

Alexander Robertson McKee.

Alexander Robertson McKee was born at the old McKee homestead in Garrard County Ky., February 4, 1816. He received his education from the local schools of Garrard and Centre College, Danville, Ky., but finally graduated in medicine from the Philadelphia, Pa., College. He was a man of great firmness of character, and a most devout Christian. He practiced his profession with success in Madison, Garrard and Boyle Counties, where he was universally respected by the people. Devotedly attached to his family and friends, he preferred the quiet of home-life and the society of friends, among whom he was so useful, to the din of politics and public office.

Although he was one of the best wing-shots in Kentucky, he never allowed his sportsman's instincts to interfere with his work as a physician. Marvelous stories are told of his feats with the rifle and shotgun when he was a boy of only ten years of age.

Alexander Robertson McKee married Mary Ashby, a relative of the Virginia Ashbys, September 27, 1842. Of this marriage were born :

Samuel McKee, September 17, 1843 ; died September 14, 1887.

Ashby McKee, June 3, 1845 ; died November 17, 1872.

George R. McKee, January 2, 1847 ; died January 24, 1847.

Logan McKee, April 9, 1848 ; died October 3, 1889.

Alexander R. McKee, December 31, 1852 ; died March 27, 1890.

Margaret Logan McKee, September 23, 1854.

Dr. Alexander Robertson McKee died February 13, 1886.

Alexander R. McKee, Jr., was married to Sarah Riker, May 11, 1881. Of this marriage was born :

Ashby Robertson McKee, May 6, 1882.

Margaret Logan McKee was married to John Adamson Cheek November 24, 1880.

CHILDREN OF JOHN A. AND MAGGIE M'KEE CHEEK.

Alexander McKee Cheek, born Feb. 5th, 1883 ; died Feb. 22d, 1889.

Francis Powell Cheek, born Aug. 26th, 1884.

Logan McKee Cheek, born July 12th, 1886.

Jane Logan McKee.

Jane Logan McKee, only daughter of Samuel and Martha Robertson McKee, was born at the old homestead, Lancaster, Garrard County, Ky., August 23, 1818. Well was she named Jane Logan, for she was a most noble woman. She inherited the qualities of her great-grandmother, Jane Logan, and her own mother, Martha Robertson, and her name will live in the affectionate remembrance of the people of Garrard, for she was widely known and beloved.

Jane Logan McKee married Dr. Benjamin F. Duncan near Lancaster, Garrard County, Ky., June 18, 1841. Of this marriage were born :

Patsy McKee Duncan, July 31, 1842.

John Duncan, April 20, 1844.

Margaret Robertson Duncan, January 1, 1846.

Charlotte Letcher Duncan, May 12, 1847.

William McKee Duncan, May 19, 1849.

Benjamin F. Duncan, August 1, 1852; died April 13, 1879.

James Duncan, January 27, 1855.

Jeannie L. Duncan, March 20, 1857.

Samuel McKee Duncan, June 19, 1859.

Nellie Robertson Duncan, December 29, 1861.

Jane Logan McKee Duncan died at the old homestead December 13, 1872.

Dr. Benjamin F. Duncan was born in Lincoln County, Ky., July 2, 1808, and died at the old McKee homestead August 14, 1865.

Accounts from Different Sources.

The Rev. Dr. John Lapsley McKee, of Centre College, Danville, Ky., writes as follows:

DANVILLE, KY., June 21st, 1889.

MAJOR GEORGE W. McKEE:

Dear Cousin:—Your first letter came during my absence, and the second in the midst of our examinations and preparations for Commencement. This is my first opportunity for answering.

The old paper, enclosed, you will please return to me at some time when convenient. Uncle Hugh spent a good deal of time to gather the facts, and the paper has become venerable from age and use.

Most of the facts in my statement are taken from Aunt Patsy McKee's family Bible. There are some discrepancies, but I have neither the documents nor the memory to correct them.

The more important traditions I received from my father, and Uncle Hugh, about our family, are the following:

First—During the clannish wars in Scotland there was a great feud between the McKees and the McIntoshes—in which the McKees, being greatly outnumbered, were nearly annihilated. The little remnant fled into France, where they intermarried with the Huguenots and, after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, they were nearly all murdered by the Catholics. The little remnant fled into Holland. There they entered the army of William, Prince of Orange, and marched into Ireland. They were in the siege of Londonderry and acquitted themselves with great gallantry, and suffered patiently the privations of that awful siege. From the North of Ireland ten brothers came to Lancaster county, Pennsylvania. From that point they diverged at an early day to four different places, viz.: Virginia, Alabama, West Pennsylvania and Michigan. Those going to Alabama and Michigan were Indian agents, married Indians and raised large families of half-breeds who were magnificent speciments of well-developed, physical men. One of them was in command of some of the enemy in the battle, I think, of the River Razin. My father risked his life in trying to capture him.

My grandfather, William McKee, immortalized himself in the battle of the Points*—as it was called—with the Indians. He was then in the English Army. This occurred before the Declaration of Independence. After that event, he immediately resigned his position in the English Army, and took a commission in the Revolutionary Army. What his rank was at first I am not certain, but my father and uncle always spoke of him as Colonel. My father told me many times of at least one very gallant achievement in a battle with the British, but I have not time now to relate it.

Some confusion, as to the date of my grandfather William McKee's moving to Kentucky, has arisen from the fact that he visited the State at least once before he moved. My father has often told me that he was twelve years old, and was riding behind his mother on a horse, when they reached the residence of John Lapsley in Garrard county. That Mr. Lapsley brought out to the fence, in his arms, his infant child, Mary, and gave her to him as

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*The battle of Point Pleasant, Va., fought October 10th, 1774, between the Virginians under Col. Andrew Lewis, commanding the Botetourt Regiment, and the Indians under the great Shawnee and Mingo chieftains, Cornstalk and Logan. Col. William McKee was, at that battle, a captain in Col. Lewis' Regiment. [Jefferson's Notes on Virginia, p. 351.]

a sweet-heart. He afterwards claimed and married her. Yours truly,

JOHN L. MCKEE.

Accompanying the above letter was the following—

Record of McKee Family:

Robert McKee, the pioneer (father of William who married Miriam), died in Rockbridge County, Va., June 11th, 1774.

Agnes McKee* died in Rockbridge County, Va., January 29th, 1780, aged 84.

John McKee, the pioneer (father of Miriam), died March 2d, 1792, aged 84.

Jane Logan McKee, wife of John McKee, the pioneer, was killed by the Indians 1763, on Karr's Creek, Rockbridge County, Va.

William McKee† (husband of Miriam McKee) died October 16, 1816, aged 84.

Miriam McKee, died October 3d, 1796, in Lincoln County, aged 50.

FAMILY OF WILLIAM AND HIS WIFE, MIRIAM.

They were cousins and married on May 20th, 1766. —— in the 31st year of his age and 19th of hers.

John McKee, oldest son of William and Miriam, was born May 4th, 1767.

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*She was the wife of Robert McKee.

†Col. William McKee, of Rockbridge County, Va., mentioned frequently in this memoir.

Agnes,* oldest daughter, was born September 14th, 1768.

Robert was born February 19th, 1770, and died August 5th, 1775.

William was born October 19th, 1771.

James was born June 26th, 1773, and died September, 1773.

Samuel McKee was born October 13th, 1774.

Robert (second son of that name) was born October 10th, 1776, and died August 12th, 1778.

Jane was born February 17th, 1779, and died April 4th, 1800.

Ebenezer was born July 25th, 1781, and died March 30th, 1783.

Polly was born November 20th, 1783.

David Logan was born July 17th, 1786.

Hugh Ware was born April 22, 1788.

James (second son of that name) was born October 2, 1790.

MARRIAGES.

John McKee† married Polly Pattan in May, 1794.

Agnes married James Wilson in August, 1788.

Wilson died March, 1802. Agnes afterward married John Houston.

*She was also called "Nancy" and Hugh Ware McKee states she was born September 21st, 1768.

† A grandson of John, the Pioneer.

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Samuel married Martha Robertson,* on June 25th, 1807.

David L. married Betsey B. Letcher, sister of Governor Robert Letcher.

James McKee married Mary C. Lapsley, August, 1818.

DEATHS IN THE FAMILY OF WILLIAM AND MIRIAM M'KEE.

John, oldest son, died October, 1818.

Samuel† died Oct. 16th, 1826, in Hickman County, Ky., aged 52 years and 3 days.

David L. died Oct. 16th, 1830, in Lancaster, Kentucky.

Hugh Ware McKee died in Lancaster about 1847.

James McKee, died in Atalla County, Miss., Nov. 18th, 1866, aged 76 years, one month, 16 days.

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* She was a sister of the distinguished Jurist, Chief Justice George Robertson, of Kentucky, member of Congress from Kentucky from 1817 to 1821. She was noted in her time as a woman of remarkably strong character—hospitable, charitable and intellectual.

†The Hon. Samuel McKee was born in Rockbridge County, Va., October 13th, 1774. He was a member of Congress from Kentucky from 1809 to 1817, a state judge, and also Judge of the United States District Court. The McKees state, "while in Congress in 1811 he made the motion for the declaration of war against England. Whilst a member of Congress he volunteered as a private soldier, and went to the Northwest with the Army, and constituted one of the military family of Gen'l Wm. Henry Harrison, returning to Washington upon the convening of Congress."

Mary C., wife of James McKee, died Oct. 6th, 1853.

FAMILY OF SAMUEL M'KEE, AND HIS WIFE, MARTHA ROBERTSON.

William Robertson,* eldest son, was born Sept. 29th, 1808.

George Robertson, was born May 27th, 1810.

Alexander Robertson, was born Feb. 4th, 1816.

Jane Logan, was born Aug. 23d, 1818.

FAMILY OF JAMES AND MARY C. M'KEE.

Miriam McConnell was born July 7th, 1819.

Mary Charlotte, born April 1st, 1822.

Margaret Jane was born October 10th, 1824.

John Lapsley was born February 16th, 1827.

James Finley was born February 28th, 1830.

Samuel was born November 10th, 1832.

Martha Elizabeth was born October 17th, 1836.

John Lapsley McKee married Sarah Henry Speake, April 11th, 1850. Their children were as follows:

William Irvine, born March 24th, 1851.

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* Col. Wm. R. McKee graduated from West Point in 1829. In the war with Mexico he was Colonel of the 2d Regiment Kentucky Volunteers—"being engaged in the battle of Buena Vista, where, while gallantly leading a charge of his regiment, he was killed, Feb. 23, 1847; aged 39."

Cullom's Register of the U. S Military Academy.

John Lapsley, born May 8th, 1853.

Mary, born February 28th, 1855.

Sarah Leila, born October 9th, 1857.

Samuel L., born October 11th, 1859.

Jennie, born October 21st, 1862.

James Lapsley, born January 14th, 1864.

Robert Graham, born April 16th, 1867.

Julia Faith, born December 18th, 1872.

Miriam McConnell was married to J. C. Kelsey, November 15th, 1843.

Mary Charlotte was married to Allen Dodd, January 10th, 1839.

James Finley married Margaret Speake October, 1854.

Samuel married Sarah F. Campbell September 30th, 1862.

Margaret Jane was married to Isaac Herring, ——; died September 17th, 1846.

Martha Elizabeth died May 1st, 1866.

Samuel was killed in battle of Stone River, Tenn., December 31st, 1862.

STATEMENT OF HUGH WARE M'KEE.*

This paper was drawn up for Rev. John Lapsley McKee by his uncle, Hugh Ware McKee, between 1840 and 1850—probably about 1846. He went to Laurel County, Ky., to get most of his information from "Moun-

*He was the son of Col. William and Miriam McKee. Some of the McKees spell his middle name Weir.

tain Billy" McKee, who lived in that county.

In 1738 the McKee Family came from Ireland to America, ten or eleven brothers; some of them settled near Lancaster, Pennsylvania, and about Pittsburgh, and some of them about Wheeling. I have no correct account of the families of these other McKees, but those that settled near Lancaster, Pa., moved to Virginia about 1760, and two of them, Robert and John, settled in Rockbridge County, near Lexington. Grandfather's brother, William* (one of the eleven) settled in Augusta County (or Botetourt), and his family moved to Kentucky about 1788, or 1790, and most of them live now in Montgomery County, Ky. He died in Virginia.

*This William McKee, a brother of the pioneers, Robert and John, appears to have joined them in Virginia about 1760.

John and Robert, the Pioneers.

My father was the son of Robert, and my mother the daughter of John. Robert had only two sons, William* and John.

William was my father, and had the following children:

John, born May 4, 1767.
Nancy, born September 21, 1767.
Robert, born February 19, 1770.
William, born October 17, 1771.
James, born June 26, 1773.
Samuel, born October 13, 1774.
Robert second, born October 10, 1776.
Ebenezer, born May 15, 1777.
Jane, born July 4, 1779.
Mary, born November 20, 1783.
David, born July 17, 1786.
Hugh, born April 22, 1788.
James second, October 2, 1790.

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*Colonel William McKee, of Rockbridge County, Virginia.

He had five sons and three daughters, viz.: Robert, James, Miriam, Mary, (one whose name I do not remember,) David, William and John.

Robert and David came to Kentucky about 1788. Robert settled in Woodford County, and had the following children: John, Samuel, Robert, Margaret, Mary and James.

Robert lives in Missouri; John lives near Frankfort, Ky., and has a large family; James lives in Woodford County, Ky., and has a family; Samuel is dead, and left a family near Frankfort, Ky.; Uncle David lived near Nicholasville, Ky., and had eight children, four girls and four boys. I have forgotten the names of the girls. The boys were named John, Robert David and James.

John lives in Indiana, Robert lives in Illinois, near Edwardsville; David lives in Woodford County, Ky., and James, near Nicholasville, Ky. (Since moved to some county on the Ohio.)

Uncle James remained in Rockbridge County, Va., and left one son, John, who still lives there and has a large family. Uncle John lived near the same place until he died, and had no children. Uncle William lived in

*John McKee, the pioneer, who married Jane Logan.

Botetourt County, Va., and left a large family. I never knew any of his children's names.

THE FAMILY OF JOHN M'KEE, SON OF ROBERT, THE PIONEER.

John McKee had four children, viz.: John, Robert, William and Nancy.

William now lives in Laurel County, near Loudon, Ky. Robert died at Point Pleasant, Va., on the Ohio, never was married, and left no children.

John never was married, but left a number of Indian children. He was Indian agent for a number of years for the Chicasaw and Choctaw tribes of Indians, and also United States Senator from Alabama. He died there.

Shortly after he left Congress, Nancy his sister, married a man by the name of John Gay, and they moved to Indiana and left a large family.

*LETTER FROM COL. SAMUEL M'KEE.

KEOKUK, IOWA, June 22d, 1859.

HON. W. M. DUNN, ESQ.†

Dear Sir:

Through my Brother: Rev. J. L. McKee, I learn that you are desirous of ascertaining from me whatever knowledge may be in my possession concerning the whereabouts &c., of the numerous decendants of our common ancestor, grandfather William McKee.‡

I assure you nothing could afford me greater pleasure than to be able to accommodate you in this matter.

I have always had a considerable amount of family pride about me, and have consequently from my infancy, taken a deep interest in everything that concerned those who are of the same stock with myself.

I am therefore pretty accurately informed as to most of Grandfather's decendants. I have a genealogical table giving the times of

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*Col Samuel McKee was killed at the battle of Stone River, Tennessee, December 31st, 1862, while commanding his regiment, the 3d Kentucky volunteer infantry, (Union) ,with great gallantry. His portrait is given in a book published by the late Brigadier General, William B. Hazen, U. S. Army.

†Hon. William McKee Dunn, at that time a member of Congress, and, afterwards, Judge Advocate General of the United States Army.

‡Col. William McKee of Rockbridge Co. Va.

births, deaths, &c., but as that is not what I understood you to want, I'll not trouble you with it.

Grandfather's family consisted of thirteen children. As some of them died in infancy, the names of Robert and James were repeated in the family. The oldest of the family, uncle John, was born in the year 1767. The youngest, my father, in 1790.

Their births were in the order of their names as follows: John, Nancy, Robert, William, James, Samuel, Robert, (2d). Ebenezer, Jane, Mary, David, Hugh, James, (2). Of these only John, Nancy, Samuel, Jane, Mary, David, Hugh and the younger James raised families.

Uncle John left Kentucky when my father was a boy, and I know nothing about his family, save that they were quite numerous, and mostly resided in the state of Illinois. Of Aunt Nancy's family, I presume you know a great deal more than I, as it is through her I have the honor of being related to you.

Uncle Samuel had four children, George R., William R., Alexander R. and Jane Logan, each of whom has a family. George, *(one of Kentucky's greatest orators), is practicing law in Somerset, Ky.

*Hon. Gorge Robertson McKee, one of Kentucky's greatest orators, and Jurists, a man of whom a distingnished Kentuckian said, that "he was respected not alone for his ability, but for his integrity from the mountains to the river."

William, as you are aware, fell at Buena Vista. His wife lives in Lexington, Kentucky, he had a daughter who is now the wife of Stephen E. Jones, Esq., of the same place. She was named Martha Robertson McKee, after her Grandmother, a sister of Chief Justice George Robertson. He also had two sons, George Wilson McKee and Hugh Wilson McKee.*

Alexander is a Physician, lives in Danville, Kentucky; Jane is the wife of Dr. Ben Duncan, of Lancaster, Kentucky.

Aunt Jane had but one child who died many years ago. Two of her Grandchildren are living, but I cannot give you their address.

Aunt Mary, (known always as Aunt Polly), is the wife of John A. Lapsley of Clarke County, Mo. She was still living a few days ago but is quite old and feeble. Her children are Miriam, Amanda, William, Priscilla, John, Samuel, Robert, James H. and David N.

Miriam is the wife of Warren Wallace, of Texas, (farmer), Post Office not known.

Amanda is the wife of Robert McKee, who was her second cousin, (farmer), Post Office St. Francisville, Mo.

William is a lawyer of considerable eminence, lives in Alabama; I think in Mobile.

*Lieut. Hugh Wilson McKee, U. S. Navy, killed at the storming of the citadel, "Fort McKee," Kang Hoa Island, Corea June 11th, 1871.

Priscilla is the wife of Robert Robertson, merchant, of San Francisco, Cal.

John lives in California, Post Office not known.

Samuel is a Physician of some eminence, in Ralls County, Mo. Post Office not known.

Robert lives in Australia, Post Office not known.

James H. and David N. both live in Clarke County, Mo., the first a farmer, the latter a lawyer. Post Office of both, St. Francisville, Mo.

Uncle David's children are Nancy, Patsy, Betty, Miriam, Alexander R., Robert, William, and Samuel F.

Nancy is the wife of Dudley Denton, practicing lawyer in Somerset, Ky.

Patsy is the wife of William H. Kinnard, banker, of Lancaster, Ky.

Bettie is the wife of Thomas Pope of Illinois, Post Office not known.

Miriam, (now dead), was the wife of Thomas Bishop, Lancaster, Ky.

Alexander R. is the President of a Nashville Coal Company. His residence is in Pulaski County, Ky. Post Office, (probably) Somerset, Ky.

Robert is a lawyer of some eminence, not now in the practice; lives in New Orleans.

William has for many years been a helpless invalid in Lexington, Ky.

Samuel F. is a practicing lawyer in Leavenworth City, Kansas Territory.

Uncle Hugh's children are Miriam, Elizabeth, Margaret E., James F. and Hugh.

Miriam is the wife of A. Petty and now lives in Versailles, Ky.

Elizabeth is the widow of E. W. Smith, deceased, of Lancaster, Ky.

Margaret E. is the wife of Mr. James Fernarsdal, of Harrodsburg, Ky.

James F., when I saw him last, was living in Harrodsburg, Ky., but spoke of going to Texas soon; whether he has yet gone or not I am not able to state.

Hugh is a student at Centre College, Danville, Ky., studying with a view to the ministry.

My father, James McKee, is the only one besides Aunt Polly, already mentioned, of the thirteen children of grandfather now living. His Post Office is Kosciusko, Miss.

He had eight children, six of whom are still living, viz: Miriam, Mary C., Martha E., John L., James F. and Samuel.

Miriam is the wife of J. C. Kelsey, of Independence, Mo.

Mary C. is the wife of Allan A. Dodd, planter, in Mississippi, Post Office, Kosciusko, Miss.

Martha E. is yet unmarried, Post Office, Kosciusko, Miss.

Rev. John L. is the one you recently met in Indianapolis, Post Office Keokuk, Iowa.

James F. is a farmer in Texas, Post Office, Post Oaks, Texas.

The last is your humble servant, at present attorney at law, Keokuk, Iowa.

If you wish the Post Office addresses of those of Aunt Polly Lapsley's children which are not given above, I can easily ascertain them from those living in Missouri, but a few miles from this place and send them to you at any time.

If there are any additional facts concerning the family, in my possession, which you would like to know, I will be pleased to respond at any time to such inquiries as you may wish to make.

Yours most respectfully,

SAM MCKEE.

LAWRENCEBURG, KY., Sept. 3d, 1889.

MAJOR GEORGE W. MCKEE,

Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dear Sir:

I hope you will pardon me for the seeming delay in answering your favor. I have just returned home and your letter handed me.

As to tradition of "Carr's Creek Massacre:"

Suddenly one morning in 1763, a hostile band of Indians attacked the settlement on Carr's Creek, killing about twenty-three persons, among them Jane Logan McKee; Jane Logan McKee was milking cows some little distance from her house, and when she discovered the Indians gave the alarm in time to have her house closed, and then fled in an opposite direction and jumped into a sink hole. The Indians who were in pursuit overtook and tomahawked her and scalped her. She lived however about two hours and was found and carried into her house before she expired. This of course is mere tradition with me. The massacre occurred as a matter of history in 1763; our family bible (although I do not know who now has possession of it) fixes the date 1763.

You have also asked what information I have relative to my own branch of the "clan."

The McKee family is of Scotch-Irish lineage, and one of the early prominent pioneer families of the valley of Virginia, Western Pennsylvania and Kentucky. Passing from Scotland to Ireland before and during the reign of William and Mary they espoused the cause of the Protestant-Irish, and after assisting in the settlement of affairs in that country, remained and settled in the North of Ireland. In 1737, when a large migration of Scotch-Irish Presbyterians to Pennsylvania and the Valley of Virginia took place, five brothers McKee came with that colony. Two of them, John and Robert, settled on a portion of Burden's grant, on Carr's Creek, in what is now Rockbridge County, about eight miles north-west of Lexington. The other three brothers settled in and near Lancaster, Pa., remained at that place until 1760, when William, one of the brothers, removed to Augusta County, Va., from which place his family removed in 1788 to Kentucky and settled in Mason and Montgomery Counties. The other two brothers removed about the same period (1788), from Lancaster to Pittsburgh and Wheeling respectively. Of the two brothers, John and Robert who settled with the colony on Burden's grant, John (my ancestor), had eight children; James, William, Robert,

David, Miriam, Mary (other not recollected), by his first wife (Jane Logan McKee), and John, by a second marriage. The said John died in Rockbridge County about the year 1788. His brother Robert had only two children, John and William. William married *Mary McKee (daughter of John), removed with his family to Kentucky in 1788, and settled in now Garrard County. Robert the third son of John McKee, took an active part in the defense of the western frontier of Virginia against Indians; was in the battle of Point Pleasant, October 10th, 1774, and did service in the Revolution which immediately followed. He married in 1786, Margaret Hamilton, daughter of Robert Hamilton and Margaret (McKee) Hamilton. He had two sons by this marriage, John, born 1787, and Samuel, 1789. Robert (third son mentioned above), removed with his family accompanied by his brother David to Kentucky in 1790, and settled on a farm a few miles north of Versailles, Woodford County, Ky.; while David settled in Jessamine County at the same time. Robert lost his wife three years after he removed to Kentucky, and married Jane Jack in 1795, and by her had four

* Miriam McKee, daughter of John the Pioneer and Jane Logan McKee.

children ; Margaret, Mary, James and Robert ; he died in 1812. John, son of Robert and Margaret (Hamilton) McKee (my grandfather), settled in Franklin County, in 1808, on a farm ; Joseph H. D. (my father), born 1820, died 1889 ; Lewis W. (myself), born 1854.

Most of these facts are obtained from my father's papers, a part from Perrin's History of Kentucky. I can give you if you desire the names and dates of births of all the family, from John down to the present time, together with the Robertson and Daveiss families, from the former of which Hon. George R. McKee gets his "R."

Hon. H. Clay McKee of Mt. Sterling comes from the William McKee who settled in Lancaster, Pa., removed to Augusta County Va., thence in 1788 to Mason and Montgomery Counties, Ky. ; and can give you information as to his own family.

I know nothing, except of a general nature of the family prior to removal to this Country in 1737.

I think your object a very laudable one and would be very glad to give you all the information in my possession if you so desire, as well as contribute to its success in any way you name. Very truly yours,

LEWIS W. McKEE.

Major George W. McKee, Pittsburgh, Pa.

LETTER FROM MR. H. CLAY M'KEE OF MT. STERLING, KY.

Mt. Sterling, Ky., January 17th, 1890.

Major George W. McKee,

Pittsburgh, Pa.

My Dear Sir:

Yours of the 11th inst. received. I am the son of Col. James McKee who died in 1860 while a member of the State Senate; a brother of Hon. Samuel McKee now of Louisville, Ky., twice a member of Congress. Your father, Col. W. R. McKee was doubtless a decendant of and the same relation to our forefathers as my father, James McKee: his father was named Samuel McKee, his father James McKee and his father William McKee, and he, William McKee, with others, came to Pennsylvania from the north of Ireland about 1736, and moved from Lancaster County, Pennsylvania to Botetourt County, now Rockbridge County, Va., in about 1749. Who William McKee married I have never heard, but James McKee, his son, married Lydia Todd,and Samuel, son of James McKee, married Betsy Lowry who was my grandmother. I am 39 years old, or will be next birth day, August 8th, 1890.

I will write you further when I have time, but please give me as near an out-line of what

you want to know as possible. I will be greatly obliged to you for one of your books and more than glad to give you any information I can to aid you in the work. I am sorry to say I have never been able to spare the time to write such a work even granting I had the data and ability to do so. Let me hear from you. Hoping to know more of you, I am with great respect,

Your Relative,

H. Clay McKee.

Mr. J. A. R. Varner of Lexington, Virginia, has kindly sent me the following records that have descended from very old people. Mr. Varner says: Along with these which I now return, I send you a pamphlet entitled "The Scotch-Irish Settlers in the Valley of Virginia;" the manuscript of Dr. Brown's account of the Indian massacre of Kerr's Creek; the extracts from records in Mr. O. B. Dunlap's possession of one of the descendants of John McKee, and an account of the McKee family of Kerr's Creek by an old resident there, Capt. William C. Gilmore whose grandmother was carried into captivity at the time of the massacre. Capt. Gilmore's account is inaccurate in many particulars, which will readily occur to you in perusal: but he is now very aged, and the weight of many years has

brought with it impairment of memory as well as feebleness of body. Mr Laird who gave me the record of births and deaths, assured me it was carefully made and is a correct copy.

The statement which Mr. D. F. Laird has kindly furnished, is herewith appended with notes by the author. These notes are simply in the direction of correcting minor details of a history of a family, where the chronicler might have confused certain matters of event or descent. The account of Mr. Laird is a very valuable one to those men of the old McKee family, who take any interest in their origin and descent.

THE STAMEMENT OF MR. D. F. LAIRD.

July 30th, 1888.

From Capt. William C. Gilmore.

Sketch of the McKee Family of Rockbridge County, Virginia.

One Mrs. McKee lived at the Big Spring on Kerr's Creek, in Rockbridge County, Va., and was killed at that place by the Indians. She was buried at the mouth of Dry Branch, just at the mouth of the Big Spring, and there is now a large elm tree growing over her grave. She was killed in 1763,* she had five children, four sons and one daughter.

*Jane Logan McKee, killed by the Indians, 1763, on Kerr's Creek, Rockbridge County, Va.

James McKee, John McKee, William McKee David McKee, and one daughter, Mary McKee were the children above referred to.*

James McKee married a Miss Tilford, his first wife, and lived at the Big Spring. From this union there was one son, John McKee. After the death of his first wife, he married Mrs. Scott, of Collier's Creek, Rockbridge County, Va., who raised one daughter; she married Mr. Andrew Bratton of Bath County, Va. Mrs. Bratton raised six children—only two of them living at this time; one son, Andrew S. Bratton, and one daughter who married George W. McDaniel of Bath County, Va. John T. McKee married Miss Nancy Hannah of Lexington, Va., and raised one son, Samuel, and three daughters—Jane T., Martha H. and Mary S. Jane T. married Mr. M. H. Parry and had one son and seven daughters. Her only son died about the year 1863. Martha H. married Madison Dunlap and lived on Kerr's Creek until she died. She had nine children —seven sons and two daughters. Mary S. married John C. Laird and lived at the old homestead on Kerr's Creek until she died in

*Another daughter, Miriam, married Col. William McKee son of Robert, and had thirteen children. See account of Hugh Ware McKee. The names above given however were the names of some of Jane Logan McKee's children.

1858. She had nine children. Her youngest daughter, Mary E. Laird, married Samuel R. Moore. Three of Mary S. Laird's sons are Presbyterian ministers—H. R. Laird, A. F. Laird and W. R. Laird.

Samuel McKee* married Miss Mary A. Davidson, and lived at the Big Spring. He had six children—three sons and three daughters, one daughter died young and one son died about 1880. He died in the year 1883. John T. McKee was a faithful magistrate of Rockbridge County for thirty years, also a ruling elder in the Monmouth congregation for forty years. J. C. Laird was an elder in Monmouth congregation, faithfully serving until his death, January 20th, 1866.

The first John McKee mentioned in this writing is thought to have married a Miss Simons of Pennsylvania, and settled in the upper end of the old McKee farm on Kerr's Creek, where John T. McKee lived and died. The McKee that married Miss Simons had no children; the farm now belongs to Samuel R. Moore and J. Will Moore.

William McKee, son of John, the Pioneer, and Jane Logan McKee, married Jean (some-

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*This was not the Hon. Samuel McKee of Kentucky, son of Col. William and Miriam McKee.

times written Janet and Jane) Kennedy, daughter of Andrew and Margaret Kennedy, of Rockbridge County, Va., January 21, 1790. They had two children, James and Margaret McKee. James married Mrs. Rachel Moffatt, a widow, whose maiden name was Rachel Wilson, daughter of David and Ellen Wilson, of Walker's Creek, Rockbridge County, Va. They had two children, James Moffatt McKee and Ellen Jane McKee. Ellen Jane McKee married Alexander Smiley. She had one child, Martha McKee Smiley, now the wife of Mr. John A. R. Varner, of Lexington, Va. After the death of Mr. Smiley she married Mr. James Berry, whom she survives. Margaret McKee married John Carson, and had five or six children. She died a few years ago at about ninety-two years of age. * * * *

The David McKee, mentioned in this writing, moved to Kentucky, and was one of the early settlers. The first Mary McKee mentioned in this writing, married Hugh Weir,* and had no children; lived and died on Whistle creek, where Mrs. Jacob Sibert now lives.

by D. F. Laird,
Mt. Meridian,
Augusta Co., Va.

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* [Pronounced *Ware*.—J. A. R. V.]

John McKee, the Pioneer, was born 1707; he married his first wife, Jane Logan, January 29, 1744; married his second wife, Rosannah,* December 12, 1765. He died March 2, 1792. Jane Logan, his first wife, was killed by the Indians July 17, 1763.

James Logan McKee, second son of John, was born March 14, 1752, and married Jane Tedford,† June 6, 1782. Married his second wife, Mrs. Nancy Scott, 1807. Jane Tedford McKee died April 30, 1800.

John Tedford McKee was born April 14, 1783, and married Nancy Hanna, November 18, 1806. He died April 30, 1857; his wife died April 23, 1847.

John C. Laird and Mary S. McKee married September 30, 1835. He died January 20, 1866; his wife died November 21, 1858.

John McKee married June 14, 1798; he was the half uncle of John T. McKee; he married Susannah Simonds and left no children.

M. H. Parry and Jane T. McKee were married June 5, 1831. Jane T. Parry died September 4, 1845.

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*It is believed her name was Rosannah Cunningham.

†Jane Tedford was the daughter of Alexander and Mary Tedford; she was born October 19, 1754. Sometimes written Janet. Tedford is sometimes written Tilford and Telford. The record gives the name as spelled above.

M. Dunlap and Martha H. McKee were married January 15, 1834.

Samuel W. McKee and Polly Ann Davidson were married August 20, 1834.

BIRTHS.*

Mary McKee, born June 11, 1746, first daughter.

Miriam McKee, born September 27, 1747, second daughter.

William McKee, born February 18, 1750, first son; died July 28, 1752.

James Logan McKee, born March 14, 1752, second son; died August 14, 1832, aged 80 years and 5 months.

Robert McKee, born March 4, 1754, third son.

John McKee, born December 17, 1756, fourth son; died May 24, 1761.

William McKee, born February 28, 1759, fifth son.

David McKee, born December 25, 1760, sixth son.

John McKee, born October 27, 1771, seventh son and only child by second wife, Rosannah Cunningham.

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*These were the children of John McKee, the Pioneer, and Jane Logan McKee.—(G. W. M.)

Copy of Family Record

IN THE BIBLE BELONGING TO JOHN T. M'KEE, AND NOW IN POSSESSION OF MR. O. B. DUNLAP.

John McKee (born in 1707) and Jane Logan were married January 29, 1744.

The children by this marriage were:

Mary, born June 11, 1746.

Miriam, born September 27, 1747

William, born February 18, 1750, and died July 28, 1752.

James, born March 14, 1752.

Robert, born March 4, 1754.

John, born December 17, 1756, and died May 24, 1761.

William, born February 28, 1759.

David, born December 25, 1760.

Jane Logan McKee died July 17, 1763.

John McKee and Rosannah (Cunningham,) his second wife, were married December 12, 1765.

John, only child by the second marriage, was born October 27, 1771.

John McKee died March 2, 1792, aged 85 years.

Rosannah McKee, his second wife, died January 19, 1806. aged 78 years.

John McKee, Jr., and Susannah Simonds were married June 14, 1798. They had no children.

John McKee, Jr., died December 1, 1815.

Susannah McKee died March 20, 1815.

Hugh Weir died July 14, 1822.

His wife, Mary McKee Weir, died August 3, 1822.

James Logan McKee and Jane Telford were married June 6, 1782.

The only child by this marriage was John Telford McKee, born April 14, 1783.

Jane Telford McKee died April 30, 1800; she was born October 19, 1754, and was the daughter of Alexander and Mary Telford.

James Logan McKee and Mrs. Nancy Scott, his second wife, were married in the year 1807. They had one daughter, who married Andrew Bratton, of Bath County.

James Logan McKee died August 14, 1832, aged 80 years and 5 months.

John Telford McKee and Nancy Hannah (born May 9, 1779,) were married November 18, 1806.

Their children were:

Jane Telford McKee, born August 25, 1807.

Samuel W. McKee, born April 30, 1809.

Martha Hanna McKee, born August 5, 1811.

Mary Susan McKee, born March 7, 1815.

John Telford McKee died April 30, 1857; his wife, Nancy Hannah McKee, died April 23, 1847.

Samuel W. McKee and Polly Ann Davidson were married August 20, 1834.

Their children were:

Nancy Hannah McKee, born September 4, 1835.

Polly McKee, born September 18, 1837.

Lucinda J. McKee, born October 4, 1839.

John T. McKee, born October 21, 1841.

Martha Davidson McKee, born October 6, 1843.

Sally Gilmore McKee, born September 11, 1845.

James Gilmore McKee, born June 15, 1848.

Elizabeth Samuella McKee, born June 5, 1850.

Samuel Madison McKee, born May 4, 1853.

Polly Ann McKee, wife of Samuel W. McKee, died January 23, 1860; Samuel W. McKee in 1883.

Matthew Hannah Parry and Jane Telford McKee were married June 5, 1831.

Their children were:

Mary E. Parry, born May 1, 1832.

Martha L. Parry, born January 20, 1834.

Nancy M. Parry, born November 24, 1835.

Susan B Parry, born September 22, 1837.

Emma W. Parry, born September 12, 1839.

Charlotte E. Parry, born October 1, 1841.

John McKee Parry, born August —, 1843.

Jane T. Parry, born September 4, 1845.

Charles E. Parry, born November —, 1852.

Willis Richardson Parry, born ———

Matthew N. Parry and Jane T. Parry are both dead—dates not given in record.

Madison Dunlap and Martha Hanna McKee were married January 15, 1834.

Their children were:

Robert Kerr Dunlap, born December 23, 1834.

John McKee Dunlap, born September 17, 1836, belonged to the First Regiment of Virginia Cavalry (Confederate) and was killed at the Battle of Gettysburg in 1863.

Margaret Jane Dúnlap, born September 30, 1838.

Bailey Montgomery Dunlap, born October 7, 1840.

Samuel McKee Dunlap, born January 1, 1843.

William Madison Dunlap, born June 5, 1847.

Milton Pollock Dunlap, born December 21, 1850.

Walter Wharton Dunlap, born January 12, 1853.

Oklela Beverlin Dunlap, born April 18, 1855.

Martha H. Dunlap died October 28, 1872, aged 61 years and 2 months, and Madison Dunlap died May 29, 1883, aged 74 years and 8 months.

John C. Laird and Mary Susan McKee were married September 30, 1835.

Their children were:

John Harvey Laird, born July 24, 1836.

Charles E. Laird, born February 17, 1838.

Samuel McKee Laird, born February 23, 1840.

Henry Ruffner Laird, born August 10, 1842.

Agnes I. Laird, born August 30, 1844.

Alexander F. Laird, born January 1, 1847.

Mary E. Laird, born January 30, 1850.

James M. Laird, born October 18, 1852.

William R. Laird, born September 30, 1855.

Mary S. Laird died November 21, 1858, and John C. Laird January 20, 1866.

Memoranda

BY CAPT. JOHN PRESTON MOORE, CLERK OF ROCKBRIDGE COUNTY COURT.

Mary S. McKee married John C. Laird and resided at the old McKee homestead, on Kerr's Creek, in Rockbridge County, Va., until her death, November 27, 1858. Her husband was, by occupation, a farmer, a devout Christian gentleman, a ruling elder in Monmouth Church for about twenty-six years, and died January 20, 1866. She had nine children, viz.: John Harvey, Charles Edward, Samuel McKee, Henry Ruffner, Agnes Jane, Alexander Franklin, Mary Elizabeth, James Madison and William Ramsey. John Harvey married Frances Schooler, of Atcheson County, Mo. They had four children, Okie W., David F., Mary E. and J. W. Okie W. died in about 1883. The others are married and reside in Atcheson County Mo. Charles Edward Laird died while an infant, August 30, 1839. Samuel McKee Laird was killed in battle at Hawe's Shop, May 28, 1864: was a member of

Company C, First Virginia Cavalry (Confederate), and unmarried. Henry Ruffner Laird is a Presbyterian minister; was educated at Washington College; was a member of Liberty Hall Volunteers; married Sarah H. McCluer; had five children, to-wit.: Mary McC., John H., Lilla P., Henry R. and Arthur M. Mary McC. died June 2, 1872; the others reside with their parents at Tinkling Spring Church, Augusta County, Va., of which their father is pastor. Agnes Jane Laird married J. P. Moore, and resides near Lexington, Va. She had five children: John W., Frank, Mary E., an infant, who died in infancy, and Martha L. Alexander F. Laird is a Presbyterian minister, and the pastor of Mt. Horeb Church, Augusta County, Va. He married Lilla K. McCeer; had three children, Kate, who died in infancy, John C. and Mary L. Mary E. Laird married Samuel R. Moore, and lived and died (January 13, 1883) at the old McKee homestead on Kerr's Creek. Her husband is now Treasurer of Rockbridge County, Va. She had four children, Edward L., Mary A., Harry P. and Elizabeth W. Mary A. died April 11, 1889, and Elizabeth W. died in January, 1883. James M. Laird is a physician, practicing at Coal Valley, West Virgina; he is unmarried. William R. Laird is a Presbyterian minister;

married Mary Ella Penick; has three children, Daniel A. P., James M. and———— He is pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Nicholasville, Kentucky.

THE DUNN FAMILY.

Brigadier General William McKee Dunn, late Judge Advocate General U. S. Army, was a descendant of Jane Logan McKee. Nancy McKee, daughter of Col. William and Miriam McKee (his cousin), married James Wilson in August, 1788. One of their children was Miriam Wilson.

Williamson Dunn, son of Samuel and Eleanor Dunn, was born December 25, 1781, in Mercer County, Ky., near Danville; was married to Miriam Wilson September 25, 1806, and to Mary Fleming November 13, 1828, and died at South Hanover November 11, 1854. Samuel Dunn (his father), was born in Ireland, County Down; married Eleanor Brewster in Virginia, in 1775, and died in Mercer County, Ky., August 17, 1802. Eleanor Brewster was born in ———— A. D. 1753, and died A. D. 1841, at Bloomington, Ind., aged 89 years.

James and Eleanor Dunn had ten children, two of whom died in infancy; the others were: James, John, Williamson, Samuel, Sarah (Maxwell), Mary (Maxwell), Nathaniel and Martha (Alexander).

Miriam Wilson was born February 4, 1791, in Jessamine County, Ky., near Nicholasville, and died at Crawfordsville, Ind., October 20, 1827. She was the daughter of James and Nancy Wilson. Nancy Wilson was the daughter of Colonel William McKee, of Jessamine County, Ky.

Mary Fleming was born April 24, 1790, in Frederick County, Md.

Brigadier General William McKee Dunn U. S. A., deceased, late Judge Advocate General, U. S. A., born in Jefferson County, Indiana Territory, December 12, 1814; died at his country residence, Maplewood, Fairfax County, Va., July 24, 1887. Married Elizabeth Francis Lanier, daughter of J. F. D. Lanier, (born February 26, 1822,) at Madison, Ind., March 11, 1841. Children: William McKee Dunn, Jr., born August 20, 1843, (married Mary E. Morrill, October 22, 1868.) Frances Elizabeth Dunn, born December 6, 1847, (married David Ritchie McKee May 11, 1871.) Lanier Dunn, born August 2, 1851, (married Harriet Hildreth Heard September 27, 1882.) Mary Louisa Dunn, born September 21, 1853, (married C. C. Morrison, U. S. A., April 30, 1879;) died February 7, 1885. George Marshall Dunn, born March 20, 1856; also, James Lanier Dunn, born June 14, 1842, died Novem-

ber 4, 1842. Charles N. Dunn, born November 21, 1845; died June 30, 1849.

Williamson Dunn was of Scoth-Irish lineage. His father at the age of thirteen emigrated with his parents from the North of Ireland to Augusta County, Va., and served in the Virginia Colonial Line. He was at the battle of Point Pleasant, Va., October 10, 1774. He also served in the Revolutionary war, and after his removal to Kentucky was engaged in frequent combats with the Indians. Williamson, as has been previously stated, was born in Kentucky in 1781.

Says the *Madison* (Indiana) *Courier:* "September 25, 1806, in Garrard County, Ky., Williamson Dunn was married to Miriam Wilson, at the residence of her grandfather, Col. William McKee. She was born in what is now Jessamine County, Ky., February 4, 1791, which happened to be the day the act providing for the admission of Kentucky into the Union was passed by Congress and approved by Washington. She was named for her grandmother, Miriam McKee, who was her grandfather's cousin. Her grandmother's mother, Jane Logan McKee, was killed by the Indians in the year 1763, on Kerr's Creek, Rockbridge County, Va. Colonel William R. McKee, who was killed in the battle of Buena

Vista, was a cousin of Mrs. Dunn. Her grandfather McKee was a Captain in the battle of the Big Kanawha, before mentioned. Mrs. Dunn, like her husband, was both on her paternal and her maternal line, of Scotch and Irish descent and Presbyterian faith."

Chapter II.

Thus, to my place of birth,
My heart still turns with fervor to the last;
Though all her glory were extinct on earth
My love would hold her fast. —*Warfield.*

The old McKee homestead, near Lancaster, Garrard County, Ky., is still in possession of the family, being owned and occupied by Mr. John Duncan, a grandson of the Hon. Samuel McKee. The old house was, in its time, considered a very great one, and I remember, when a boy, to have often heard the old family negroes assert that the house was located exactly in the centre of the earth. Knowing that the ideas of these simple and faithful people concerning geodesy were limited to the lands they had traveled over and saw surrounding them, it is no wonder they believed they occupied the garden and central spot of some great flat surface called the "world." For the land was rich and beautiful in forest and meadow, and they had an abiding—a perfect faith—that their old master would occupy none other than the best place that could possibly be allotted to mortals. Ever treated

with the greatest humanity and consideration they had, for over a century at the time I knew them, followed the fortunes of our family and been its faithful servitors. They felt as if they belonged to the family, and took the greatest pride and interest in it. When my grandfather, the Hon. Samuel McKee,* died in the South, two of the faithful negroes brought back the body to the old homestead.

At Buena Vista, Billy, who was the body servant of Col. Wm. R. McKee, was probably killed at the same time with his master, as nothing was ever heard of him afterwards. A very wild cousin of mine one night, in a great gambling hall in San Francisco, won several thousand dollars, and, as is customary with successful gamblers, distributed coin liberally among the servants as he was taking his departure. One of them, a very high-toned looking negro man, said, as he was helping him on with his overcoat: "Mr. McKee, are you any relative of Col. McKee who was killed at Buena Vista?" On my cousin replying in the affirmative, the man said that he had gone out to Mexico as the servant of some officer; that he knew Billy, and that

*His body was brought back by two of his negro men.

the latter had survived the battle and married some Mexican woman in Saltillo with whom he was infatuated.

I have never believed this story for there was no earthly reason why Billy should not have returned. Although he was a light mulatto, he possessed all those powerful local attachments so characteristic of the African race, and, had he determined to remain in Mexico, he surely would have written to the old home at some time to inquire about the old people. And he knew, too, that if he returned he could not only go anywhere he desired as a free man, but would have been liberally started in life. He had always been with gentlemen as their companion, in fact, from boyhood, and I believe that the faithful fellow's ashes are now blending with the flowers of the Pass of Angostura.

I could not complete this brief sketch without mentioning these people whom Providence had allotted to fall into our hands during the old days of slavery. Never, in all my life, did I ever know of, or hear of, a single blow having been inflicted upon any of them in the way of chastisement. They were, I think, a very superior lot of negroes, and the old ones, who came into Kentucky from Virginia, reverenced the memory of my grand-

father as they would that of some supernatural being. As he was in Congress for many years they thought, when he went to Washington, that he was simply going on to give his orders for the general management of the United States, while they and "Miss Patsy," my grandmother, would manage the old plantation and raise great crops during his absence.

The type of face of our colored people was a very refined one. My own nurse, "Aunt" Ann, when I was a child, was a small, very black woman with as clean cut a countenance as any Egyptian. Then Adam over on the old place, had a perfectly regular face, black as a crow. He was a preacher, or exhorter, and a most superfine rascal. We boys admired him greatly, for he had great wit, could sing many fine songs, and even improvise them upon occasion. He could not have been more than twenty-three or twenty-four years of age at the time of which I write, and I have often thought that if he had had the advantages of education, which are often wasted upon the stupid and mediocre, he would have been a leader among his people, and a notable figure in any assemblage of men.

Some four or five miles from the old homestead, on the Dix river, there was some land

belonging also to my uncle, Dr. Ben. Duncan. In the summer he would send a party of "hands" to cut wood and clear up the ground for the cattle. We boys always went with them, and early in the morning a cavalcade of fifteen or twenty men and boys would be seen on the road to the river. I remember we always rode bareback, and I think, with the exception possibly of some new colts, we had only a single rope bridle or mouth-gear.

On my first excursion of this kind I recollect that a grand halt was called about a mile from the plantation, and while we boys, white and black, sat on our horses dutifully and patiently in the road, the great Adam and several other negro men held a long pow-wow some distance in front of us. We had an abundance to eat with us, tied up in bags and thrown across the backs of the horses, but it could be observed that Adam had a bag which bulged out considerably more on the off than it did on the near side of his horse. In fact the Doctor had a two gallon jug on that side, and his fertile mind was occupied as to the ways and means of getting it filled. Hence the road caucus, and, it is hardly necessary to say, the appointment of Adam as spokesman.

About a mile from that place we came to the distillery of a most respectable man, who either rented land or bought corn from the old place. At anyrate he was well known to Adam and the other negroes. The old man was sitting in front of his large log distillery as we reined up, and the following colloquy took place:

Adam—Good mawnin' Mass Jim, Miss Jane tole me to stop an inquire for Miss Julia, hearin' she war ill.

Mass Jim—I'm obliged to you Adam, and you must tell Miss Jane that Miss Julia is now well. Won't you boys get off and have a drink?

Adam—Well, now, Mass Jim, we is pow'ful dry, an' we think just now we'll do it. You see, we'se got to be down dar all day in de woods an' we'll be awful dry 'fore we get back.

Mass Jim—All right, Adam, if you boys have a water bottle or jug with you take it in and fill it up before you go.

Adam—Thank you, Mass Jim, fo' you' kindness, I have a small jug here an' we'll be glad to fill her up.

Whereupon all dismounted: and after tying the horses to the long hitching-rail, entered the distillery. When a very generous drink had

been indulged in, Adam took his jug from the bag and filled it himself from a barrel he evidently knew, being careful to note that the jug was quite full when he put in the cork.

Then, after great thanks to "Mass Jim," the whole crowd mounted and rode at a dead run for about a mile. There, halting in a dense copse, they made the woods ring with their exultant laughter, some of the younger ones even crying out "de Buckra," which was promptly checked by the older negroes who said—"Oh, no, Mr. Jim he mighty good man." It was no longer "Mass Jim" with them, however.

The negro has a very fine sense of humor, and he is by nature a sportsman and an aristocrat. He is the inferior of the white man, but when aided and sustained by the white man, I think he is capable of doing a great deal. I wish to be honest, and to do no wrong to a people I have for many reasons a sincere liking for. For some of them I entertain an affection which no Northern man could understand or appreciate, for he could not know the peculiar way in which the Southern boys, white and black, were raised together.

Jim was a quiet, respectable man, who never drank any whiskey, and who made

considerable money by the sale of his watermelons and tobacco. For each man had the privilege of cultivating a certain amount of ground on his own account, if he saw fit to do so. It is doubtful if Adam ever ceased his theological studies long enough to raise anything more useful than sunflowers for gamecocks, and his patch was woefully neglected unless he succeeded in blarneying some of the younger darkies into tilling it for him.

Sid was the Nestor of the plantation, and a sort of general "boss." He was a great hand about horses, and as well as I remember, used to do about as he pleased. He would attend the races at Crab Orchard, and always come home with his pockets full of silver. This may have resulted from his knowledge of horses, or possibly he had great success at "chuck-a-luck," a game very popular in Kentucky at that time.

Dr. Duncan had a very fine jack, noted for its viciousness, which was managed entirely by Sid. In fact he was the only earthly thing the jack seemed to fear. About four in the afternoon Sid would blow a horn, and give other warning that he was about to turn the jack loose into the immense cornfield. It is unnecessary to say that everybody heeded the warning, and got out of the way hurriedly.

When I was a cadet at West Point, my brother Hugh, having just received his appointment to the Naval Academy, went to the old Homestead to tell the Duncans good-bye. Sid, understanding he was going by West Point to see me, went out and dug a fine lot of cane-root pipe-stems to send me as a present. On his return to the house, he asked my brother to go with him to the barn to see the old jack. On their arrival there, Sid went into the box-stall to stir up the jack, when suddenly the vicious beast seized him by the thumb and bit, or rather, tore it from his hand. My brother said that the sight of the white tendon, as it quivered in the air, was enough to sicken anybody, but the game fellow, Sid, nothing daunted by the pain and shock to his system, seized a club and beat the jack until he roared for mercy. Mr. John Duncan writes me that Sid is still with him at the old Homestead.

My nurse, "Aunt" Ann, to whom I was devotedly attached, married Peter Harvey, who belonged to the Fishback estate. As Peter was a most accomplished house-servant, and his wife was my mother's property, he was hired and lived with us for many years. He was a tall, graceful man—rather slender—of a dark brown color, and having a great shock

of kinkey hair, to which he paid much attention as to combing and smoothing. He was a Chesterfield as to manner and a Beau Brummel as to attire. He wore, when waiting on the table, a blue swallow-tailed coat, and trousers to match, and a high collar and white tie, while his immaculate shirt bosom was adorned with ivory or mother-of-pearl studs. When he gave the town a treat, by strutting about the streets, he added to the above costume a high hat and cane, changing his pearl studs for some very elegant glass imitation diamonds. In fact he was a thing of beauty and a joy forever, and a great oracle among the Lexington darkies on all points of fashion, tone and taste.

The Fishback will made the freedom of the negroes, belonging to the estate, conditional upon their going to Liberia. So, one fine morning, Peter had to leave us. He did not appear so depressed as the circumstances would seem to warrant—leaving his wife and children for instance—but there is no doubt that, from the adulation he was accustomed to receive from the Lexington colored people, he believed firmly he would be made Secretary of State, immediately on his arrival in Liberia, and elevated to the Presidency at the

next election. We were all, white and black, very sorry to part with him.

Possibly about ten months afterwards, as we were at breakfast one morning, the door of the dining-room opened, and a man in ragged clothing, carrying a monkey in his arms, appeared on the threshold. He was backed by a grinning and delighted crowd of our own and the neighbors' negroes. It was Peter.

"Howdy, Miss Jane! Howdy, Miss Mary! Howdy do all! Here I is back agin, and I brought a monkey for de boys!" he called out in great exultation.

We boys were delighted to see him, and I know that my mother and aunt were, too, in spite of their dignified silence. Finally, when the uproar had subsided, my mother said:

"Well, Peter, I am ashamed of you. You would rather strut about Lexington, as a dandy, than to make a great man of yourself in Liberia!"

"Why, Miss Jane," said Peter, "I warn't gwine to stay dar, an' get wounded wid dem thorns, working in de jungle. No, indeed, sez I, dis is no place for Peter, an' I'se gwine right back to ole Kentuck wen dat ship sails!"

He had returned on the same ship that took him to Africa, and worked his way home,

where, as of yore, he was soon seen promenading the streets and regaling the people of his race with the most marvelous stories of his travels.

My father, dining one day at the Phœnix Hotel in Lexington with a party of gentlemen, was very much pleased with the appearance of a handsome colored boy who waited at table. He was a very light mulatto—was gracefully built and had a good, intelligent face. On inquiry, it was found that he could not be sold, as he belonged to a boy named Frank Head, who had run off and gone to sea. Head's mother, a widow, married a man named Chisham, and neither of them had any legal right to dispose of Frank Head's property. So the colored boy was hired, and lived with us until several years after he attained his majority. His name was William Griffin and he was an exceedingly bright fellow. He was a "Jack of all trades" and very good at all of them. He was an excellent carpenter and a very good painter—especially in graining, which he did very well. All the boys liked him very much, as he taught us many acrobatic tricks, games, how to wrestle and box, &c.

When he was about twenty-five years of age he hired his time from Chisham, and undertook contract work about Lexington in paint-

ing and graining. He was, however, constantly about our house, and assisted our crowd of boys in all their ventures.

In the meantime Mrs. Chisham died, and her husband immediately sold William, which he had no right to do as he belonged to the absent boy, Head, as has been previously stated. It is probable Chisham thought Head had lost his life at sea, as he had not been heard of for several years.

One morning, just before daybreak, when I was about twelve years of age, I was aroused by a great noise made by three or four of our negro women and girls, rushing up the stairs and calling out: "Oh, Miss. Jane, Miss. Jane, Uncle William is in jail!"

I was up in an instant, and dressed with the promptitude that youths of that age are capable of, and soon ascertained that William, while returning home from church with his wife that night had been arrested by a policeman and taken to Pullem's jail. This had been done, of course, by Chisham's order.

Day was just breaking when I entered the jail. There were lights in the office, and I remember to this day the strong odor of good Bourbon whiskey and Havana Cigars that permeated the room. Four men were seated at a table playing cards and, although they

were not drunk, they were all comfortably and good naturedly "full." They were negro traders and I knew one of them, Pullem. The other three were strangers, probably up from the South on a business trip. Pullem gazed at me, in surprize, for a moment, and said: "Why Colonel," (this nick-name was given me when a boy by many of the older people of Lexington), "what has brought you here so early?"

"I understand Uncle William is in here, and I came to take him away," said I.

"Oh, that is all right, Colonel," laughed Pullem, "we all like Bill, and you had better let him stay until after breakfast."

"No, it is not all right," I replied, "he can get breakfast up at the house, and I am going to take him right along with me; my mother was not up when I left home, but I will bring you a check for the money just as soon as she comes down stairs."

The three strange traders were immensely amused at the conversation. They laid down their cards, and eyed me with evident interest. I told Pullem I was not going away without William, and he finally said: "Well, let us go out and ask Bill himself, if he does not think you are in too big a hurry."

We left the office, followed by the three traders, and soon entered a large hall which was used as a ball or dance room for the negroes who were confined in the jail. For the negro traders did everything in their power to keep their prisoners in good spirits, fearing, perhaps, that melancholy might make them ill and injure their sale. A single gas jet was burning in the chandelier, but day was now sufficiently advanced to make everything perfectly visible through the barred windows. William was sitting on a long bench against the wall—he had evidently declined going to bed when he had been brought in some hours previously. "Bill," said Pullem, "here is the Colonel and he says you must go right along with him, but I told him you were tired, and that I had known you too long to let you go away without breakfast; now you talk to him."

William, although doubtless chagrined and resentful at his treatment by Chisham, was not in the least cowed. He knew that Pullem would use him well, and he knew that there were those in Lexington who would never permit him to be sold South. So he looked at me with a bright smile, and said: "Yes, Mr. Pullem, I will talk to him." He then told me in a low tone, to go back home and see my

mother, and she would tell me what to do; to come back for him after a while, and to tell the people at the house that he was all right.

After this I had quite a conversation with the three traders, which must have been very diverting, judging from the great laughter it elicited—even William joining in it heartily. One of them said: "Bill, if the Colonel buys you, do you think he will get shut of you easily?" This made me very indignant, and I requested the fellow (a tall, slender, snaggy toothed man), in emphatic language, to go to a very warm place, prepared for sinners, for a time at least. From the roars of laughter my rude objurgation caused from all—the object of it laughing as loud as the others—it evidently was considered a very elegant and refined repartee.

When I reached the house I found the family at breakfast, and told my mother what Pullem had said. She sent a note to him and, on return of the messenger with his reply, she wrote another note which I was to take to the bank at ten o'clock. Whether it was a check, or whether she sold some of her bank stock, I do not now remember, but I know that, at about eleven o'clock, I returned to the house with William, where he was received with

great acclamations from the colored people especially.

William at once re-commenced his painting and was very successful, as he was a good workman and highly respected by the people of Lexington. He insisted on repaying my mother every dollar she had advanced for his ransom, as he knew she was not wealthy. She would have gladly had him leave the State at once, as she feared young Head might return and claim that Chisham had no right to sell William — thus getting him into further trouble. Head did return and far from making any claim for William, the noble fellow told him that he honored Mrs. McKee for saving him from going South. That he would make no claim for him, but would settle the matter with Chisham himself. Whether he ever did so I do not know.

In about three years, William paid for his wife and children, who belonged to the Scott family, for himself, and, with quite a sum of money besides, went to Detroit. On two occasions, during these three years, I went to the railway station with him and vouched for him at the ticket office, when he was getting his tickets for Canada to visit his mother. On his return from one of these trips, I remember he brought us boys some black squirrels,

which we prized very highly. And when he got settled in Detroit, where he did very well, he would, when he met any Kentuckians returning to Lexington, send us some little thing as a humorous reminder of our boyish peculiarities, on one occasion sending a boot-jack to my brother, who had a fancy for tight boots.

In the South, before the War of the Rebellion, the status of the two races was so well defined that a relation subsisted between them that could not possibly obtain now. The Southern boys, white and black, played together, and were companions on fishing and hunting excursions. Naturally a strong attachment would be engendered between them, and this would be strengthened as they advanced in years. Still a subtle, unexpressed and not easily-defined feeling, existed in the minds of both as to which was the dominant race. It was so much a matter-of-course that it would have occasioned wonder had it been questioned. Thus a faithful colored man, strongly attached to his master, if the latter were dissipated, for instance, would often give him a very plain scolding that would not be tolerated from any one else; and a favorite old servant, waiting on a party of gentlemen at dinner, has been known to laugh

with the best of them at some good joke that had been told, without the slightest idea on the part of anybody that he was guilty of an impertinence — for they knew he intended none. This was very well expressed in a delightful story of the South I read in one of the magazines not long ago. A gentleman was giving a dinner to a party of Northerners, and the latter were enthusiastic in their praises of the beauty of the ladies they had met in the South. Presently the old colored waiter paused in the operation of opening a bottle of wine, and said: "Dey can't none of 'em hol' a cannel to my young missus!" Imagine such a thing now!

In the same way there were, in nearly every Southern town, several comical and privileged characters among the negroes, who were popular with all and the source of much diversion. Of this class there was, in Lexington, a negro barber called "The Baron Steuben." How he obtained this soubriquet I do not know—possibly his name was Steuben, or there may have been something in the cut of his jib which reminded the local wags of the picture of Baron Steuben, as delineated by wood cuts in the spelling books, and histories of the period. He was quite a vocalist and improvisator, and these gifts were

to him a source of considerable profit. He would appear, on balmy evenings, in front of the Phœnix Hotel, and crack his jokes and sing his songs for the edification of the crowd of men always to be found there. Then he would pass around his hat, and always receive a liberal contribution from the delighted listeners.

At a great political meeting at Russell's Cave, near Lexington, there occurred one day the terrible fight between the Hon. Cassius M. Clay and Capt. Sam. Brown, which is historic. Clay, although wounded by a pistol shot, undauntedly advanced on Brown with a Bowie-knife and cut him up badly—Brown's life being saved by the crowd seizing him and actually throwing him over a fence, thus rescuing him from Clay.

A night or two after this encounter "The Baron Steuben" appeared at the Phœnix and sang a song, which is, no doubt, handed down to this day in Lexington. There were many stanzas, but I vaguely remember only a few, which were about to this effect:

Oh, I went down to the Dudley House,
Whar eberything war still as a mouse,

CHORUS—It'll nebber do to gib it up so, Mr. Brown,
It'll nebber do to gib it up so.

Ben. Wood, he war stan'in' by,
Threw two bricks, an' tried to fly.

CHORUS—It'll nebber do to gib it up so, Mr. Brown.
It'll nebber, etc.

Matt. Johnson shed a soothing tear,
Sez he: "Mr. Brown, you'se loss a ear!"

CHORUS—It'll nebber do to gib it up so, Mr. Brown,
It'll nebber, etc.

Judge Woolley, he cum ridin' by,
Sez he: "Mr. Brown, you'se loss a eye!"

CHORUS—It'll nebber do to gib it up so, Mr. Brown,
It'll nebber, etc.

Another character in Lexington, was Harry Bruin. He was a slender, black man, and was as full of quips and jests as Yorick. He belonged to the Bruin estate, but hired his time, and used to drive an express wagon, making a good deal of money thereby. When asked why he did not purchase his freedom, he gave one of his inimitable grins and said: "Why, you see if I die now I'm Mass' Jim's loss, but if I buys myself, I'm my own loss, an' dat's de pint wid me."

My mother was just entering the front gate one day when Harry came along slowly, with about twenty little negro boys and girls in his express wagon.

"Where are you going with all those little darkies, Harry?" she called out.

"Oh, ma'am," he replied, "I'se just gwine

to take 'em out to de po' house pon' and drown 'em."

On the night of the day when it was known in Lexington that General Taylor had been elected President, the Whigs celebrated the event with bon-fires, general illumination, fire-works and speech-making. While one immense crowd was listening to some orator on Cheapside, a wild yell was heard at the outskirts of the throng, and Harry Bruin was seen standing up in his wagon, wildly gesticulating. The speaker stopped and silence reigned instantly. When Harry knew he could be heard, he shouted:

"Mr. Speaker, I'll detain de meetin' jist one moment. I cum here to 'spress dis sentimen'—'Hooray for me, an' myself an' me!'"

I had heard, and always believed, that Harry was the genius who originated some doggerel that was much in vogue among trifling men and boys in Lexington, about 1854. My friend, the Hon. James Mulligan, however, wrote me a letter a few years since, in which, referring to the current nonsense of our boyhood's days, he said the lovely poem was composed by some gentlemen of leisure, whose headquarters used to be on Vine street. I remember them well—they toiled

not, neither did they spin—but they always dressed well—took many drinks daily and smoked good cigars. Perhaps countrymen, who thought they knew how to play cards, could account for some of the money which went to the support of the crowd. These fellows were quite witty, in their way, and it may be possible that they simply polished Harry's original idea. One of the stanzas, as I remember it, ran about as follows:

John G. Hall told Charley Ball
Bill Van Pelt had said:
Old Boone Ingles had bought him some shingles,
And was goin' to shingle a shed.

Another stanza, which I have partly forgotten, chronicles the fact that — somebody had said:

Charley Van Aiken had taken a shakin',
And shook himself out of his bed.

These few reminiscenses, simple and uninteresting as they will doubtless seem to those who had no ties with, or knowledge of the old South, may perhaps strike a chord of memory in the hearts of others, whose music, like that of Carril, will be pleasing, and, at the same time, mournful to the soul.

APPENDIX.

JEFFERSON'S NOTES ON THE STATE OF VIRGINIA.

The deposition of col. William McKee, of Lincoln county, Kentucky, communicated by the hon. John Brown, one of the ſenators in Congreſs from Kentucky.

Col. William M'Kee of Lincoln county declareth, that in autumn 1774, he commanded as a captain in the Bottetourt Regiment under col. Andrew Lewis, afterwards gen. Lewis; and fought in the battle at the mouth of Kanhaway, on the 10th of October in that year That after the battle, col. Lewis marched the militia acroſs the Ohio, and proceeded towards the Shawnee towns on Siota; but before they reached the towns, lord Dunmore, who was commander in chief of the army, and had, with a large party thereof, been up the Ohio about Hock Hocking, when the battle was fought, overtook the militia, and informed them of his having ſince the battle concluded a treaty with the Indians; upon which the whole army returned.

And the ſaid William declareth that, on the evening of that day on which the junction of the troops took place, he was in company with lord Dunmore and ſeveral of his officers, and alſo converſed with ſeveral who had been with lord Dunmore at the treaty; ſaid William, on that evening, heard repeated converſations concerning an extraordinary ſpeech made at the treaty, or ſent there by a chieftain of the Indians named Logan, and heard ſeveral attempts at a rehearſal of it. The ſpeech, as rehearſed excited the particular attention of ſaid William, and the moſt ſtriking members of it were impreſsed on his memory.

And he declares that when Thomas Jefferſon's Notes on Virginia were publiſhed, and he came to peruſe the ſame, he was ſtruck with the ſpeech of Logan as there ſet forth, as being ſubſtantially the ſame, and accordant with the ſpeech he heard rehearſed in the camp as aforeſaid.

Signed, WILLIAM M'KEE.

DANVILLE, December 18th, 1799.

We certify that col. William M'Kee this day ſigned the originl certificate, of which the foregoing is a true copy, in our preſence.

JAMES SPEED, Jun.
J. H. DEWEES.

AN ADDRESS

ON THE OCCASION OF THE BURIAL OF THE KENTUCKY VOLUNTEERS WHO FELL AT BUENA VISTA; DELIVERED AT FRANKFORT ON TUESDAY, THE 20TH OF JULY, 1847, BY JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE.

We are assembled on a mission of gratitude, to honor the memory of those who evinced the loftiest patriotism by giving their lives for their country. The place of sacrifice was Buena Vista, a name engraved on every American heart While our whole country was represented there, to the lot of Kentucky fell an uncommon portion, both of glory and bereavement. The mortal remains of a part of her sons who perished in that battle, lie before us, and will be consigned to the grave with every circumstance of honor. Other citizens fell there, whose bodies lie not beside these, their comrades; but the separation is not eternal. The commonwealth will be careful to recover the ashes, as well as to cherish the memory of all her children; not one will be forgotten; to all belong a common grave and a common monument.

These solemn obsequies are the offspring of emotions as universal as they are noble; confined to no period, clime or people. The customs of preserving the remains of the dead, of honoring their memory and perpetuating their remembrance, exist in every nation. The most savage tribes bear from the field the bodies of their slain,

and celebrate in rude song their virtues and exploits. In many countries, the friends of the departed, at each return of spring, strew flowers over their graves, and thus give the freshness of life to the silence and solitude of the tomb. The earth is covered with memorials of the dead. The cherished relics of friends—their forms preserved in the marble of the sculptor and the colors of the painter—the public cemetery—the family graveyard—every monument set up to human memory—the mausoleum of the great—the simple stone that marks the resting place of the humble and obscure—all, all proclaim the depth and extent of this common feeling of our nature. In obedience to such sentiments, the remains of our heroes were recovered from the soil of an enemy, and are now restored to the protection of their country. Amidst these external proofs of respect and honor, it is proper to express our grateful sense of their courage, their services and their worth. Wherefore, on this occasion, I will relate some particulars of their lives and characters, as an act of gratitude to them, and for the instruction of the living.

William R. McKee was born in the county of Garrard, on the 24th day of September, 1808, and at his death was in the 39th year of his age. He came of patriotic blood. William McKee, his grandfather, was one of the pioneers of Kentucky, and bore a conspicuous part in her early battles. His father, the late Samuel McKee, was a distinguished citizen of the State, and for some years one of her Representatives in Congress. In the war of 1812, though still holding that trust, he shouldered his musket as a private soldier, and served a campaign in the north-west, declaring that the times required every citizen to do his duty, and show his readiness to serve his country in any capacity. The subject of this sketch was

early imbued with similar sentiments of duty, which afterwards bore their proper fruit. His education was received at West Point, where he graduated with distinction in 1829, and immediately entered the army as Lieutenant in a company of the Third regiment of Artillery. He continued in the service until 1836, when, the claims of his family demanding attention, and the army, in time of peace opening no avenue to fortune or distinction, he resigned his commission and removed to Lexington. Here, for ten years, he was largely engaged in business pursuits, occupying a prominent station in society, and adorning that station with all the virtues of social life.

When the war was declared, and a requisition for volunteers made on Kentucky, McKee was among the first to offer his services. He volunteered, (in his own modest language,) "to serve in any capacity in which he could be useful." It was an offering of pure patriotism. The sacrifice was great, for it involved the abandonment of extensive and profitable pursuits, and separation from an affectionate family and devoted friends. It promised no other reward than the gratitude of his countrymen. He never had been in public life: his path led not towards political honors; his feelings were all domestic and social He esteemed it a privilege to serve his country, and in addition a peculiar duty. Having been educated at the military academy of the Union, with the highest sense of honor and obligation, he recognized the national right to his services.

It was not reserved for him to serve in the ranks. With a proper estimate of his merit, the Governor appointed him Colonel of the Second regiment of Kentucky infantry. His connection with this command continued, with reciprocal sentiments of love and confidence,

until it was severed by his fall at Buena Vista. It is well known that regiment possessed the high confidence of the commanding general. In the arrangements for battle, it was posted on the right, where the main attack was expected. Afterwards, transferred to the center of the field, it fought under the eye of the general. When the enemy, in the last combined effort to force General Taylor's position, poured his masses from the left and front upon the center, the Second Kentucky infantry formed a part of the handfull who met the shock. It was here, while leading his regiment with gallantry above all praise, and contesting the ground against odds of more than four to one, McKee fell—fell in the right line of his duty—fell as became his name and his life. His affectionate comrades bore his body from the field; his grateful country restores it, with the last honors, to its kindred dust.

Of such a man it is difficult for a friend to speak, except in the language of warmest eulogy: he won favorable opinions from all men—all who knew him loved him. His character inspired at the same time respect and affection. Nature had endowed him with a temper of uncommon firmness. His countenance wore an habitual expression of calm intrepidity—it sat on each feature; it spoke in each lineament This native resolution was tempered by a kind and noble heart—his life was filled with good offices. Perhaps there is not one who knew him, within whose memory is not recorded some act of his courtesy or kindness. He was prudent, without timidity—amiable, without weakness—firm, without austerity—generous, open and true. He is gone, but his memory remains to testify that he lived not in vain. To his country he left his glorious example, and

to his bereaved widow and orphan children, the great inheritance of a spotless name.

On the same field, and at the same time, perished another son of Kentucky, who bore a name honored in this and other lands—a name for more than forty years identified with the history of the Commonwealth and the Union. Henry Clay, Jr., was born at Ashland, on the 11th day of April, 1811. His childhood received the double benefit of excellent precepts and high examples. His mind began to retain lasting impressions at a period propitious to the formation of elevated and patriotic sentiments. At that day, the principles and events of the revolution yet engrossed the thoughts and conversation of the people; our national anniversaries were celebrated with enthusiam; the youthful heart of the country glowed with high and almost romantic patriotism. At the same time, the nation was involved in war. Kentucky embarked with ardor in the cause of her country, and freely shed her blood in its defense. At the family hearth, young Clay caught inspiration from the same spirit that infused its power and temper into the councils of the Union—and the flame, then kindled, burned until it was quenched in his own blood. He was educated at West Point. His father was his companion to the academy; and when they were about to separate, taking the boy by the hand and pointing to the surrounding hills, made memorable by the events of the revolution, he said: "Remember, my son, that from these heights the spirits of our revolutionary heroes are the witnesses of your conduct." Thus nature and education combined to form the high bearing and honorable sentiments that marked his social intercourse. For several years, Colonel Clay lived in his native county of Fayette, and represented her, with honor, in the General Assembly. When

he entered the service of his country he was a citizen of Louisville. At the first call to arms, he tendered his services, and was appointed Lieutenant Colonel of the Second Kentucky Infantry. At Buena Vista he was with that noble regiment; through all the vicissitudes of the day, he filled his station with distinguished courage, and fell at the moment of victory.

Colonel Clay was a man of great nobleness and chivalry. To an impetuous and ardent nature were united the kindred qualities of honor, generosity and truth. For every object of his affections he felt enthusiastic devotion. One of those objects was his country: he served her with the alacrity of a devoted heart, and when he died in her defence, there remained not behind a braver man or better patriot.

On that field, also, fell Captain William T. Willis, at the head of a company of infantry from the county of Jessamine. His eulogy may be best expressed in a few words of simple narrative. An eminent lawyer, and past the meridian of life, his position and age might have exempted him from the toils of war: but he sought no exemption. Three noble boys were his companions to the field; they shared his perils, followed his brave example, and happily survive to bear their father's honors and their own. Captain Willis was ill at Monterey when the intelligence came of the Mexican's advance. He rose from his bed, hastened forward to the army, and gallantly commanded his company in the battle, until at the close of the day he fell with McKee and Clay, in the last terrible onset. This was patriotism indeed—this was an act to reveal the governing motives of conduct. Oft times, in human life, some signal achievement performed at its close, reflects its character on the past, and discloses the true temper of the heart. Let all men judge William T. Willis in the

light of these truths—that he loved his country, and freely died in her cause.

It remains to speak of one whose courage and fate excited mingled emotions of pride and sadness. Edward M. Vaughn, Adjutant of the Kentucky cavalry, fell at Buena Vista at the close of a successful charge. His early death, though crowned with honor, quenched high hopes and ended a bright career. He was young, but had known adversity and borne it well. His soul panted for distinction, and he purposed to achieve it. Solitary, but self-relying, his noble resolution depended alone on its own strength. Master of the past, he looked with confidence to the future. No borrowed light shone on his path—no avenue to fame was opened before him by power, patronage or wealth. When the moment of departure came, he took by the hand his trusted friends —embraced his venerable parents, far descended in the vale of years—and then all ceremonies of separation were over. The public ear was filled with other names; yet he was followed by true hearts that felt he would return with honor, or return not at all. When the day of trial came, his gallant spirit responded to the call of duty; his chosen place was in advance, "on the perilous edge of battle," and there he fell, pierced with four and twenty wounds.

Thus perished young Vaughn, in the morning of life—a man gifted with noble and lovely qualities. His heart was full of tenderness and honor. His whole being was instinct with elevated sentiments. Among his associates, he stood conspicuous in the chivalry of his nature. In a great cause he would have dared whatever man might accomplish; for his country he would have encountered certain destruction; with Roman devotion, he would

have held the bridge against a host, or leaped into the yawning gulf.

Beside the bodies of the officers lie those of the private soldiers. The spirit of our people is illustrated in the equal tribute paid to the memories of all these patriots. The distinctions of rank exist no longer. Upon them all, death has set the seal of equality. The limit of devotion was reached in a common death for a common country. They owned the same allegiance—shared the same perils—fell on the same field. It is most meet they should together find soldier's graves. The names of these brave men were W. W. Bayles, William Thwaits, N. Ramey, Thomas Weigart, Alexander G. Morgan, C. Jones, H. Carty, T. McH Dozier, H. Trotter, C. B. Thompson, and W. T. Green; let them be remembered and recorded. Theirs was no reluctant service, but the free gift of citizens who felt that the public honor was their own. Some of them had filled other stations, and were qualified to command where they obeyed. Others were mere boys, transferred from the tenderness of home to the terrors of the battle field, and well illustrated amidst its trying scenes the native heroism of their blood.

Such were the characters of these soldiers—such their actions. For the rest, theirs was a happy fate; to all concerned belongs congratulation rather than sympathy. Are there here any relatives or friends who mourn for these dead, and in the bitterness of their grief refuse to be comforted? If there be, let them consider the vicissitudes, the temptations, the sorrows of human life—and then rejoice that these were spared to the signal glory of such an end, that they escaped death in every other form, to meet it at a time and in a manner to fix their fame

forever, and leave their names a precious legacy to the whole country.

The fate of Powell and Maxey may indeed excite emotions of sadness. It was not their fortune to reach the field, where honors might be won Struck down by disease, they perished ere they had attained the mark of their honorable ambition, but they died on the path that led to glory, and that path they trod at the call of their country. Therefore, with equal gratitude, let them be interred beside their more fortunate comrades.

Amidst the recollections of that day, much must remain unsaid, yet one character commands the especial tribute of our praise; for who can image that battle to himself, and not pause to view the greatest figure in the scene? The spontaneous feeling of this people is to honor Zachary Taylor the man, in whom, to the courage of the hero, is united the heart of the philanthropist. The blaze of military glory cannot obscure the greater lustre of his moral qualities. In the storm of battle, behold him, stern, immovable, self-poised; but when the carnage is over, and to the excitement of strife succeed the wants and suffering of the soldier, see the noble exhibition of tenderness, compassion, humanity, to friend and foe; these things more adorn him than all the the honors of the battle field. Four times has it been his peculiar fate to be lost to the sight, and almost to the hopes of his countrymen, and as often has he emerged from apprehended disaster, covered with glory. Hence, his name has sunk into the hearts of the people; it has become a household word with every class, from the summit of society to its lowest foundations. Amidst these great events how striking does he appear in his grand simplicity, a model of true greatness, without ostentation. The simple narrative of his deeds will be his eulogy.

For all the dead, the limit of eulogy is to say they were present at Buena Vista, and performed their duty. The contemplation of that great engagement fills the mind with wonder. The resolution to meet the enemy there, presents an example of moral grandeur without a parallel. General Taylor, being at the head of less than five thousand men, learned that the Mexican army was advancing in force over twenty thousand. Well do we remember the gloomy apprehensions that pervaded the Union, as rumors came thick and fast of the situation of our troops, and the numbers of the foe; the best hope was, that, after a toilsome and bloody retreat, the exhausted remnant of our army might lie panting behind the fortifications of Monterey. General Taylor resolved to give battle; his purpose taken, he chose his position and calmly awaited the approach of the enemy. The odds were fearful, but nothing was desperate to the hero of Palo Alto, Resaca and Monterey. On the 22d of February (an auspicious day to the Americans) the long lines of the Mexican army were seen advancing up the beautiful vale from which the field derives its name. They came, confident, exulting, and already in imagination driving before them the handful of their enemies. At Buena Vista, the American army, drawn up in order of battle, was prepared to receive them. The Mexican chief paused before that firm array, as doubting the reality of the purpose it indicated. An indecisive skirmish proved the temper of our troops, and their resolve to greet him with bloody welcome. The valley was narrow, a range of mountains rose on either hand—the actions must needs be face to face. The remainder of the far spent day sufficed not for the great struggle! each army slept in position on the field, and on the morning of the 23d, the terrible conflict began. With impetuous valor

the vast columns of the enemy advanced to the onset; every element of war performed its dreadful part—the blaze of musketry flashed over the field—the lance and bayonet did their work—the earth shook beneath the rush of cavalry—the mountains trembled to the roar of artillery. The shock was met by spirits worthy to hold the honor of their country. Upon the right, the left, the center, the conflict raged with unbated fury. The field was narrow, yet too large for its few defenders. From point to point they rushed with ardor, wherever danger threatened most.

"From rank to rank their volleyed thunder flew;"

and celerity, constancy and courage atoned for want of numbers; yet the combat deepens; can human valor, strength and skill combined, longer sustain the unequal contest—must not the brave perish, must not our flag go down? not on that field—not before that foe: for see!—the freshening breeze throws aside the shroud of battle—and behold! that Spartan band, with unbroken ranks, press back the routed masses of the foe—their standards full high advanced, and the voice of victory on their lips. Again and again followed the charge, the struggle, the repulse; as rooted to their position as the eternal hills around them, the diminished, exhausted but unconquered few, from sun to sun, sustained the ceaseless shock, and fought as if conscious that the genius of their country hovered over the scene, and pierced with anxious eyes the cloud of battle, to discern the bearing of her children there. The strife is ended—the day is won—the American army is victor of the wondrous field! Honored, thrice honored be the living and the dead. To the memory of the fallen, we render the last honors due to exalted services; to the survivors, we pay the willing tribute of admiration and gratitude.

The mind in vain attempts to think of that battle as an event of this generation; it grows on the imagination as some grand dream, or tale of conflict fought in the heroic ages, and transmitted by tradition. Far from their country, their communications cut off, encompassed by overwhelming numbers, and in the presence of a relentless foe, our little army stood like the ten thousand Greeks in the midst of the Persian Empire, the history of whose retreat is classic story. That was retreat—this was victory.

In the deeds of her sons, our country possesses a precious inheritance of glory. To illustrate their devotion and her own renown, she may point to Trenton, Saratoga and Yorktown; to the Thames, with its memorable charge, to the vain valor of her sons at the Raisin, to the invaluable victory of New Orleans; these, with many others, form a galaxy, whose splendor is not obscured by a comparison with the achievements of any other people. Conspicuous in the cluster, shines the great light of Buena Vista. Here, for the first time in history, a body of unpracticed citizen soldiers defeated, on an open field, four times their number of veteran troops. The mind pauses before this great achievement, and seeks the cause. The arms were equal, the battle face to face. None of the accidents that sometimes decide the fate of fields, governed the result; it must be referred to the character of the troops—and that character, to the spirit of their government. America contains an army of three millions of men, ever ready for their country's service. Every soldier is a citizen—every citizen, if need be, is a soldier. Political and social equality, and the great principle of popular supremacy, foster a spirit of personal independence and honor. Each citizen is a part of the State; his voice is heard in her councils, his influence is

felt in all her acts. The general welfare is his own: the public glory is his glory: the public shame, his shame. In battle he raises a freeman's arm, and strikes to execute his own will; then, more glorious than all the honors of the field, he converts the sword into the plowshare, and in peace guides that country whose interest and honor he asserted in war.

Such armies are irresistible—such citizens give prosperity and renown to the Republic. Thus, the national history is illustrated by the noblest monuments. For more than half a century it has presented to the world the spectacle of a happy people—their light a beacon to all who would be free—their path marked by beneficence — their charity enclosing nations in its large embrace It is the fervent prayer of every patriot, that this great career be not closed in darkness and dishonor, but that our beloved country may fulfill some destiny not unworthy of the past.

To these solemn ceremonies belong a two-fold motive. While they honor the dead, and acknowledge the obligations of gratitude, they teach the living that this people will preserve the memory of heroic deeds. The nation that rewards the devotion of her sons will never want defenders. To the patriot, no consolation can be more precious than the assurance that he will be remembered by his country. On the bloody field it nerves his arm, and at the moment of dissolution soothes his parting spirit.

"Come to the bridal chamber, Death!
Come to the mother when she feels
For the first time her first born's breath;
Come in consumption's ghastly form.
The earthquake shock, the ocean storm;
Come when the heart beats high and warm
With banquet-song, and dance, and wine
And thou art terrible. * * *

"But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word,
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be."

We will bury our dead in that beautiful cemetery overlooking the river of the State, and in view of the Capitol. The voice of their great example will instruct the public servants, and quell the tumults of faction. Discord, ere she tears the vitals of the State will pause, rebuked by the silent eloquence of the place. In times of public peril, the ashes of these dead will better serve their country than a thousand bayonets. In the extremity of the Commonwealth, though all else should be lost, the worth and patriotism of the State will rally to the great memories that cluster there, as around household Gods, and draw from them inspiration to redeem her.

The field whereon our heroes fell, will remain their monument forever. Another is theirs, erected in the hearts of their countrymen. To mark the consecrated spot where their remains repose, the State will set up a column to their memory, and inscribe on it the narrative of their actions. When, hereafter, Kentuckians, as they muse amidst these memorials of the dead, shall look upon that column, pointing heavenward, and read the inscription on it, and remember the sacred dust beneath it, they will elevate their hearts in gratitude to Almighty God that He gave the Commonwealth such children, and turn from the sad but glorious spot, purer men and better citizens.

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD.

BY THEODORE O'HARA

The Legislature of Kentucky caused the dead of that State who fell at Buena Vista to be brought home and interred at Frankfort, under a splendid monument. Theodore O'Hara, a gifted Irish-Kentuckian soldier and scholar, was selected the orator and the poet of the occasion, whence the beautiful eulogy which, alone, suffices to rescue his name from oblivion. The poem was written more than twenty years ago. It has the same application to-day.*

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few.
On Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind;
No troubled thought at midnight haunts
Of loved ones left behind;
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms;
Nor braying horn nor screaming fife
At dawn shall call to arms.

*Hon. J. C. Breckinridge and Rev. J. H. Brown were the orators.

Their shivered swords are red with rust,
Their plumed heads are bowed;
Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,
Is now their martial shroud.
And plenteous funeral tears have washed
The red stains from each brow,
And the proud forms, by battle gashed,
Are free from anguish now.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout are past;
Nor war's wild note nor glory's peal
Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that never more may feel
The rapture of the fight.

Like the fierce Northern hurricane
That sweeps his great plateau,
Flushed with the triumph yet to gain,
Came down the serried foe.
Who heard the thunder of the fray
Break o'er the field beneath,
Knew well the watchward of the day
Was "Victory or death."

Long had the doubtful conflict raged
O'er all that stricken plain—
For never fiercer fight had waged
The vengeful blood of Spain—
And still the storm of battle blew,
Still swelled the gory tide;
Not long, our stout old chieftain† knew,
Such odds his strength could bide.

†Zachary Taylor.

'Twas in that hour his stern command
Called to a martyr's grave
The flower of his own loved land,‡
The nation's flag to save.
By rivers of their fathers' gore
His first-born laurels grew,
And well he deemed the sons would pour
Their lives for glory, too.

Full many a norther's breath has swept
O'er Angostura's§ plain—
And long the pitying sky has wept
Above its mouldered slain.
The raven's scream, or eagle's flight,
Or shepherd's pensive lay,
Alone awakes each sullen height
That frowned o'er that dread fray.

Sons of the Dark and Bloody Ground,‖
Ye must not slumber there,
Where stranger steps and tongues resound
Along the heedless air;
Your own proud land's heroic soil
Shall be your fitter grave—
She claims from war his richest spoil—
The ashes of her brave.

‡General Taylor was a native of Kentucky, and the Kentucky troops are here alluded to.

§Mexicans knew the battle of Buena Vista by the name of "Angostura"—which means "Narrow Pass."

‖The Indian name for Kentucky.

So, 'neath their parent turf they rest,
Far from the gory field,
Borne to a Spartan mother's breast,
On many a bloody shield;
The sunshine of their native sky
Smiles sadly on them here,
And kindred eyes and hearts watch by
The heroes' sepulchre.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead,
Dear as the blood ye gave;
No impious footstep here shall tread
The herbage of your grave;
Nor shall your glory be forgot
While fame her record keeps,
Or honor points the hallowed spot
Where valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone,
In deathless song shall tell,
When many a vanished age hath flown,
The story how ye fell;
Nor wreck, nor change, nor Winter's blight,
Nor Time's remorseless doom
Shall dim one ray of holy light
That gilds your glorious tomb.

Extract From

"MEMOIRS, WRITINGS, AND SPEECHES OF CASSIUS MARCELLUS CLAY."

Vol. 1, Page 412.

Admiral David G. Farragut, with his wife, visited St. Petersburg later, and was received with like honors. I entertained him and his suite at a lunch; and was much pleased with the old hero, who was a fine person of large stature, with quite a military look and a large Roman nose. His wife was a very vivacious lady, younger than the admiral, and quite pleased with the honors which her husband everywhere received. Coming by sea, he was thus enabled to reciprocate the courtesies received, by entertaining the Russians on his ship. He or Captain Fox had on board Lieutenant McKee, a Kentuckian, the son of my friend, Col. W. R. McKee, who fell gloriously at Buena Vista, at the head of his regiment. This true son of his father was killed in the Corean invasion; being the first to mount the walls of a fort, and to spring into the midst of the enemy, where he met certain death.

EXPEDITION TO COREA.*

Extracts From Several Reports.

Report of Rear Admiral John Rodgers.

United States Steamer Colorado, (1st rate.)
Flag-Ship of Asiatic Fleet,
[No. 43.] Chefoo China, July 5, 1871.

Sir: * * * *. Our men kept up a fire from their resting place upon the fort whenever an enemy exposed himself, and this they did constantly and with the most reckless courage, for they maintained an incessant fire, mounting the wall and discharging their pieces as fast as they could load. There was no artillery in the citadel. When all was ready, the order to charge was given by Lieutenant Commander Casey, and our men rushed forward down the slope and up the opposite hill. The enemy maintained their fire with the utmost rapidity until our men got quite up the hill, then having no time to load, they mounted the parapet and cast stones upon our men below, fighting with the greatest fury. Nothing could check our men; on they rushed. The heroic McKee was first to mount the parapet, and the first to leap into a hand-to-hand conflict. There he fell, as his father fell in Mexico, at the head of his men, first inside the enemy's stormed works. Other officers and men were quickly over the parapet. The fighting inside the fort

*Annual Report of the Secretary of the Navy, 1871.

was desperate. The resolution of the Coreans was unyielding; they apparently expected no quarter, and probably would have given none. They fought to the death, and only when the last man fell did the conflict cease. The enemy made no organized resistance in the forts lower down, on the point toward the river. These were opened to a rear attack by the capture of the citadel, and the garrison fled. Many of them, however, fell under the fire of our musketry and howitzers, which had nearly cut them off from retreat.

Our killed were Lieutenant Hugh W. McKee; Seth A. Allen, landsman of the Colorado, who was shot as he scaled the parapet, and Dennis Hanraham, private marine, of the Benicia, who was shot on the opposite hill just before the assault was made. These three comprise the list of the honored dead. Ten men were wounded; they are all now out of danger. The surgeon's report of casualties is herewith transmitted. Of the enemy, two hundred and forty-three dead were counted in the citadel and the forts.

The citadel has been named "Fort McKee," in memory of the gallant officer who led the assault upon it, and gave his life for the honor of his flag. * * * *.

JOHN RODGERS,
Commander-in-Chief of Asiatic Fleet.

HON GEO. M. ROBESON,
Secretary of the Navy, Washington, D. C.

UNITED STATES STEAMER ALASKA, (3D RATE,
ISLE BOISEE, June 17, 1871.

ADMIRAL: * * * *. June 11, at 5:30 A. M., Commander Kimberly signaled for instructions. The answer given was, "Go ahead and take the forts." He immediately started on his march up the river, toward the

second or stone fort, since named Fort Monocacy by you, being nearly all the time under fire from the adjacent hill-tops, notwithstanding which he reached and carried the fort about 7:15 A. M From this point the command gallantly pushed forward to the final charge and capture of the citadel, now called Fort McKee. This charge was as gallant a deed as the Navy ever performed I am sorry to say that it cost us Lieutenant McKee and two men killed, three severely and five slightly wounded. * *

I feel it my duty to bring to your notice the heroism of Lieutenant McKee; his actions witnessed by all the command, need no comments from me.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

HOMER C. BLAKE,

Commander, U. S. Navy, Commanding Expedition against the Corean Forts on the River Salee.

Rear Admiral JOHN RODGERS, U. S. N.,
Commander-in-Chief of Asiastic Fleet.

UNITED STATES STEAMER MONOCACY (4TH RATE,)
BOISEE ISLAND ANCHORAGE, June 14, 1871.

SIR: * * * *. Signal was now made from shore to "send boats for wounded," which was done. Soon after Lieutenant H. W. McKee was brought aboard mortally wounded, and Private Dennis Hanraham, (Benicia Marine Corps,) and Seth Allen, (ordinary seaman, Benicia,) dead Soon after other boats came, bringing the slightly wounded, prisoners, many battle-flags, etc. At 5:45 P. M. Lieutenant Hugh W. McKee died. * * * *

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

E. P. MCCREA, Commander.

Commander H C. BLAKE, Commanding Expedition against the Corean Forts, Salee River.

N. B.—Forts first and second are now known as Marine Redoubt, Fort third as Fort Monocacy, and Sun-tol mok as Fort Palos, and the citadel as Fort McKee.

United States Steamer Benicia, (3d rate,)
Boisee Anchorage, June 15, 1871.

Sir: * * * *. The citadel was captured, but dearly so, as the gallant and brave McKee, the first to enter over the parapet, fell mortally wounded with two wounds; he has since died, and the Navy has lost one of her bravest and noblest sons. Lieutenant Commander Schley was the next officer in the fort, and killed the Corean who wounded McKee. Lieutenant Commander Casey, Lieutenants Totten, McIlvaine, Master Brown, Lieutenant Breese, United States Marine Corps, Captain Tilton, United States Marine Corps, and several others, with marines and sailors, filled the citadel and drove the enemy, after a desperate hand-to-hand fight, over the walls. To Hugh Pervis, private marine United States steamer Alaska, belongs the honor of hauling down the Corean standard on the redoubt. (See Captain Tilton's report.) * * * *.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

L. A. Kimberly,
Commander, Commanding Land Force.

Commander H. C. Blake, U. S. N.,
Commanding Expedition against Corean Forts.

United States Steamer Benicia, (3d rate.)
Isle Boisee, Corea, June 14, 1871.

Sir: * * About 12.30 p. m. the charge was made through a deep ravine, full 80 feet deep, with three hundred and fifty Sailors and Marines. The approach was

clear of any covering, and the fire of the enemy most terrific and severe. Nothing could withstand the men. The impetuosity of the charge was met by brave men in the fort, who contested, inch by inch, and who fought hand to-hand. The honor of gaining the first foot hold inside the fort fell to Lieutenant McKee, who was at once charged by the enemy. But a moment had elasped until I gained the inside and went to his aid, in his desperate fight with the enemy. In a moment he fell mortally wounded by a musket ball in the groin and a spear stab in the side. The same brave one who had speared McKee rushed upon me, but the spear passed between my left arm and my body, and before he could withdraw it for a second trial, he was shot dead and fell lifeless at my feet. At this moment a number of officers had reached the fort, among them Lieutenant Commander Casey, Lieutenants Totten, McIlvaine, Master Brown, Captain Tilton, Lieutenant Breese, and others. After a desperate conflict, hand to-hand for a few minutes, the enemy was driven from the fort at the point of the bayonet, leaving some one hundred and eight of his dead and wounded in and immediately about the fort. Seeing themselves defeated and beaten, the enemy retreated in great disorder to the river front. * * *

Very respectfully your obedient servant,

W. Scott Schley.

Lieutenant Commander and Executive Officer,

Acting Adjutant General of Expedition.

Commander L. A. Kimberly,

Commanding Land Forces.

United States Flag Ship Colorado, (1st rate,)

off Boisee Island, Corea, June 16, 1871.

Sir: On Saturday, June 10, we disembarked from

our boats on a mud flat, some three or four hundred yards to the southward of the first fort. The companies were quickly formed in line and advanced, the marines well ahead as skirmishers. Previous to starting I sent the pioneers to assist in landing the howitzers.

On reaching the fort we found it had been hastily evacuated. Company D, Lieutenant McKee, and Company F, Master Pillsbury, were at once detailed to destroy the guns, and the rest of the Companies, with the exception of the Marines, were posted in line on the plateau, in rear of the fort, ready to resist any advance of the enemy.

* * * * On the arrival of the battery, Company A, Lieutenant Commander Heyerman, Company D, Lieutenant McKee, and Company E, Lieutenant McIlvaine, were detailed to support the different sections; the other companies were held in reserve. * * *

At 7 a. m. I received your order to advance, formed line with two pieces of artillery in front, three in the centre and two in the rear. * * * As usual the marines took the advance. They occupied the middle fort, known to us on the chart as Fort Monocacy, without opposition, the splendid practice from the Monocacy having cleared the enemy out. The Fort was held by the marines until the battalion of sailors came up. Master Pillsbury was sent with his company to spike and destroy the guns. The battalion was halted until this work was effectually accomplished, when we again took up the line of march, the marines thrown out ahead as skirmishers. We had approached but a short distance when the enemy was discovered in large numbers on the crest of the hills in advance. The gallant McKee was ordered forward to deploy his company to the left of the marines, and Lieutenant Commander Heyerman and Master Pillsbury were sent to take possession of a hill on our

left, followed by a section of artillery commanded by Lieutenant Snow. A lively firing was kept up along the line for some time, with small arms and the howitzers; the fire of the latter being directed more especially against a redoubt on the hill beyond the range of musketry, and around which there appeared to be a large force concentrated.

The enemy disappearing beyond the hills, we again moved forward to the next hill, leaving Companies A and F and the section of artillery to hold their own position and guard our rear. The next hill was taken without resistance. Here Lieutenant Commander Wheeler was left with three howitzers and Company B, Master Drake. This position was of vital importance to us. The enemy, appreciating the value of it, concentrated a large force to attack, when Lieutenant Commander Wheeler called in Companies A and F and the section of artillery from the adjoining hill, to re-enforce his position. The enemy, estimated at from four to five thousand, charged the position, but was most gallantly repulsed with considerble loss. We moved on to the redoubt on the hill (the great strong hold of the enemy), with the marines thrown out as skirmishers, and Companies C, D, E, G and H, arriving at the brow of the hill nearest the redoubt, the column was halted and deployed along the crest, the marines on the extreme right, the other Companies in the following order from right to left: Company H, Master Brown; Company C, Lieutenant Totten; Company E, Lieutenant McIlvaine; Company D, Lieut. McKee, and Company G, Master McLean, on the extreme left. When all had taken their positions the order to charge was given; the whole line rose up amid a terrific fire of gingalls, and, with a yell, rushed for the redoubt, the company officers gallantly leading their men. Each man appeared to vie

with his comrade to be the first man in the fort, but the heroic McKee was the first man to mount the parapet. There he stood for a moment, bravely fighting, single-handed, against overwhelming odds, and at last fell pierced by both spear and bullet. Thus did the son follow the glorious example of the father, and like him die fighting at the head of his men. * * *

When Lieutenant McKee fell, Master Chipp, from the Monocacy, was assigned to the command of his Company, performing the duty assigned him with great zeal.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

SILAS CASEY,

Lieutenant Commander, Commanding Infantry.

Commander L. A. KIMBERLY,

Commanding Land Forces.

UNITED STATES FLAG SHIP COLORADO,

At Anchor off ISLE BOISEE, COREA, June 16, 1871.

SIR: * * * Our lines were now only one hundred and twenty yards from the redoubt, but the abrupt slope of the hill and the weeds covered us very well.

The firing now commenced rapidly from both sides; ours increasing as the men got settled comfortably, and their fire was effective, as the forty or fifty killed and wounded inside the redoubts show. The firing continued for only a few minutes, say four, amidst the melancholy songs of the enemy, their bearing being courageous in the extreme, and they exposed themselves as far as the waist above the parapet fearlessly: and as little parties of our forces advanced closer and closer down the deep ravine, between us, some of them mounted the parapet and threw stones, &c., at us, uttering the while, exclamations seemingly of defiance. One of these little parties, the very first to enter the redoubt, was led by our beloved mess mate, the

noble, the brave the heroic McKee, who fell pierced with a bullet in a hand to-hand struggle on the ramparts.
* * * Very respectfully yours,

McLane Tilton, Captain U. S. Marine Corps,
And Fleet Marine Officer, Asiatic Fleet.

[No. 32.]

Asiatic Fleet,
United States Flag Ship Colorado, [1st rate.]
Boisee Anchorage, Corea, June 12, 1871.

[General Order No. 32.]

* * * Among the honored dead whose loss we deplore, is Lieutenant Hugh W. McKee, who, gallantly leading his men to the assault, fell mortally wounded in the centre of the citadel which he was the first to scale, His memory is the more endeared to us because we knew him, and his gallantry will be cherished by all as a bright example to the service. John Rodgers,

Commander in Chief of the Asiatic Fleet.

United States Steamer Benicia, [3d rate.]
off Chifoo, China, July 5, 1871.

Sir: I herewith transmit the following named men who distinguished themselves in the attack on the Corean Fort, on the river Salee, on June 11, 1871, by the following acts, viz: Private Marine Dougherty, of the guard of this vessel, for seeking out and killing the commanding officer of the Corean forces; Private Marine McNamara of same guard, for gallantry, advancing to the parapet and wrenching the match lock from the hands of one of the enemy and killing him on the parapet.

Also, the following named men deserve mention, at least in general orders, for being among the very first in

the citadel, and repelling a charge made on Lieutenant McKee, after he was wounded, and seizing and wrenching the spears and other arms from the hands of the Coreans, and delivering a well directed fire which forced the enemy to fall back from that portion of the citadel where the gallant McKee fell, viz: John Adams, boatswain's mate; Otto Bruske, ship's writer; John Brady, 2d, ordinary seaman; William Higgs, ordinary seaman; George Johnson, landsman, and James Carr, landsman.

I am respectfully your obedient servant.

L. A. KIMBERLY, Commander.

HON. GEO. M. ROBESON,

Secretary of the Navy, Navy Department, Washington, D. C.

THE McKEES: FATHER AND SON.

"Fight as thy Father fought;
Fall as thy Father fell,
The spell is wrought—the task is taught,
So fare thee well—farewell!"

PRAED.

Doth it not seem that the same dark fate
Encompassed both sire and son?
One slain on the Pampas at victory's gate,
Where his golden spurs were won,
In the prime of his manhood's proud estate,
When the gory day was done.

The other far in an Orient land,
In the pride of his youth's bright morn,
Fallen by the fires of a savage band,
While leading the "hope forlorn."
May we not deem that the same dark hand,
Of fate o'er each was borne?

More frank and fearless—more true and tried,
Were never son and sire;
Both for their country lived and died,
Facing a conflict dire;
Striving to stem the savage tide
Of more than demon ire.

One fell in the land of the setting sun,
One at the gates of day,
But the hand that grasps all clues in one,
Casts time and space away,
And again together the sire and son,
Long parted dwell for aye.

The Mexican lance with its mortal thrust,
The Corean shot and spear,
Shall be forgotten with things of dust,
In that far and perfect sphere
Where our treasures waste not with moth and rust,
And eternity marks no year.

June 30, 1871. C. A. WARFIELD.

(*From Lexington, Ky., Daily News.*)

A BEAUTIFUL POEM.

The following exquisite lines upon the death of the gallant HUGH MCKEE, are from the pen of the accomplished Mrs. Rosa Vertner Jeffrey, whose charming poetical contributions have been read with pleasure throughout the length and breadth of the land. The life and the death of this noble young officer possess a mournful interest for this people who claimed him as peculiarly their own, and therefore this touching tribute to departed worth will be read with mingled feelings of pride and regret for the brave, sorrow for the bereaved and admiration for the poet.

STILL A SOLDIER.

Semper Fidelis.

INSCRIBED TO THE MEMORY OF HUGH MCKEE.

BY ROSA VERTNER JEFFREY.

Where art thou, young hero? the moonlight white stole
Floating out from the storm-clouds to-night,
Doth mind me of thee—of thy fearless young soul,
Flashing up through the gloom of the fight,

Through the fierceness and fury of battle's typhoon,
Through the death storm—in glory's bright shroud—
As mists weaving out from the disk of the moon,
Silver linings to curtains of cloud.

The battle worn banner thy brave father prized—
Who fell while it waved on and won—
It is meet they should fold, thus in glory baptized,
On the grave of his gallant young son.
Right well did'st thou learn the last lesson he taught thee,
"To charge in the deadly affray;"
Thus it is "home again," from afar they've brought thee,
So pale—and so silent to day!

Where art thou, young soldier, so noble and true?
From bloodshed and hatred all free;
Brave deeds there must be, and brave duties to do
In Heaven, for heroes like thee:
A furlough forever, with endless repose,
A leader all wise and divine,
Would never decree as a guerdon for those
With such Spartan like spirits as thine.

Whose arrows are barbed in the lightning's red forge,
Whose missiles in earthquakes are hurled,
With lava from out the volcano's hot gorge,
When His vengeance sweeps down on the world.
Such a God will have missions for one who has stood,
Faithful—fearless, by sea and by land;
Whose soul drifting pure over rivers of blood,
Still a hero before Him doth stand.

Lexington, August 24, 1871.

IN MEMORY OF

LIEUTENANT HUGH WILSON McKEE,

KILLED IN ACTION.

By Louis Belrose, Jr.

Read at the Dinner of the U. S. Naval Academy Graduates Association.

When to the beat of muffled drums we follow,
A comrade to the grave with measured tread,
Solemn and slow,
We march to mournful music of the dead;
But as we turn to go,
Quickened step and cheerful strain,
Lead us back to where remain
Life and strife and joy that laughs at woe.

It is not well that Death
Should take with one man's breath,
The hope and courage of the friends that stay,
And cause, while summer shines
A blessing on the vines,
Despair to fill the heart that should be gay.

What strength we have we need
To plough and plant the seed
That came, a birthright, from the general store,
And make two blades of grass
To flourish ere we pass
Away, where one blade used to grow before.

But let not Time that dries
The tear in Love's own eyes
Efface the memory of those who fall.
I drain a glass to night,
In Death and Time's despite.
To shipmates gone before us, one and all.

And one more glass to those
Whom partial Fortune chose
To plant our colors where the laurels grow;
A bumper to the dead
Whose willing hearts have bled
In battle with their faces to the foe!

Fill out the roll of Fame!
Let every date proclaim
Its own, and where they fell by land or sea.
When those who rank have done,
I'll take for 'Sixty-one,
The first man killed in action, Hugh McKee.

One versed in gentle ways,
With lips that loved to praise,
And simple hearted as the truly great;
Whose soul, in poet-wise,
Drank azure from the skies,
Whose red blood swelled the venging arm of hate;

Who durst, in times grown old
With worship of dull gold
And mean observance of an empty breath,
Choose honor, undefiled
With cant; and when she smiled
Beyond the waiting parapet, choose death.

Ay, *choose !* not killed like one
Of thousands, having done
The simple duty of the soldier well;
But leading where the brave
Came all too late to save,
Within that far Corean citadel.

At Buena Vista, won
Though twice the setting sun
Could doubt, his father charged and saved the day;
And both, for this fair land,
Fell fighting sword in hand;
O Alma Mater, nourish such as they!

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